Playbill

by ANTHONY DAVIS

SATURDAY: A Magnum for Schneider, by James Mitchell, starring Edward Woodward, Joseph Furst, Ronald Radd and Peter Bowles

THURSDAY: The Crossfire, by Maurice Edelman, M.P., starring Eric Portman, Jeannette Sterke, Peter Wyngarde, Ian Hendry

Joseph Furst, left, Francesca Tu and Edward Woodward in Saturday's Armchair Theatre presentation A Magnum for Schneider

A NEW secret agent makes his debut this week. His name: David Callan. His profession: licensed executioner for a security organisation.

Callan makes his first appearance in Saturday's **Armchair Theatre** drama, *A Magnum for Schneider*. (The Magnum of the title is a pistol, not a bottle.) Later this year, Callan will be featured in a series of one-hour thrillers, on which production starts in April.

Created by James Mitchell, one-time schoolmaster and travel courier, he will be played by Edward Woodward, formerly a leading member of the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford.

Callan is a killer—but a reluctant one, prematurely retired at the age of 35 to become a clerk, because of a tendency to question orders and to show clemency to the targets assigned him.

At the start of *A Magnum for Schneider*, Callan is offered his old job back—provided he kills Rudolph Schneider (Joseph Furst), a bluff German working in London. No reason is given.

Ronald Radd appears as Colonel Hunter, the ruthless head of security, who sits as jury and judge, ordering the deaths of men he has never met by transferring their names to a red-covered file. Peter Bowles plays his odious, ex-public school assistant.

Edward Woodward says of Callan: "He is no cardboard character but a very complicated one. Underneath his quiet toughness he's a loser with a sardonic sense of humour."

Married to actress Venetia Barrett and father of Timothy, 13, Peter, 10, and Sarah, three, Edward Woodward confesses a liking for spy stories, "providing they're good ones."

He maintains a cabin cruiser at Chiswick and is the only actor I know who has arrived at TV studios in a rowing-boat.

Set in Algeria during the Civil War which ended only five years ago, *The Crossfire*, on Thursday brings Eric Portman back to television drama for the first time in three years.

Voice as rich as ever, the 63-year-old actor told me: "I would like to do more television, but unfortunately, or fortunately, I seem to get involved in so many long-running stage plays, both here and in America. And I like to spend as much time as I can at my cottage in Cornwall.

Ian Hendry, left, and Eric Portman get caught up in The Crossfire, the play by Maurice Edelman, M.P.

"But this is a remarkably good play."

Eric plays Dr. David Sorel, a distinguished and dedicated physician, caught in the crossfire between European and Moslem extremists in the war.

He is caught from the moment he takes into his hospital a Moslem child injured in a terrorist bomb outrage. He holds that his medical skill is available to all who need it, irrespective of their race.

But, hate-blinded white rebels are calling him "traitor". His daughter (Jeannette Sterke), her husband (Peter Wyngarde) and their friend (Ian Hendry), a government agent, are tangled in the terrorists' plots. And the play, which author Maurice Edelman writes about on the facing page, builds to a horrifying climax.

ARMCHAIR THEATRE

PRESENTS

A MAGNUM FOR SCHNEIDER

AT 10.30

EDWARD WOODWARD

JOSEPH FURST with FRANCESCA TU

10.30 Armchair Theatre

See pages 10-11

PRESENTS

A Magnum for Schneider

Can a spy retire?
Not if Control says 'No'

BY JAMES MITCHELL

STARRING

EDWARD WOODWARD
JOSEPH FURST
RONALD RADD
PETER BOWLES

WITH

Francesca Tu

CAST

Colonel Hunter.....**Ronald Radd**
Meres.....**Peter Bowles**
Callan.....**Edward Woodward**
Rudolph Schneider....**Joseph Furst**
Waterman.....**Ivor Dean**
Det.-Insp. Pollock..**Martin Wyldeck**
Det.-Sgt. Jones...**John Scarborough**
Lonely.....**Russell Hunter**
Miss Brewis.....**Helen Ford**
Jenny.....**Francesca Tu**
Secretary.....**Judy Champ**

STORY EDITOR TERENCE FEELY

DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL

PRODUCED BY

LEONARD WHITE

DIRECTED BY

BILL BAIN

'That's what security is for—protecting innocent people.' But can Security be both judge and jury—and the executioner?

ABC Television Network Production

CALLAN: 9.0
Linda Marlowe and Powys Thomas

9.0 CALLAN

NEW SERIES

The first of a New Series
starring
EDWARD WOODWARD
in

The Good Ones are All Dead

by **James Mitchell**
also starring
RONALD RADD
ANTHONY VALENTINE
with
Russell Hunter

Cast in order of appearance

Callan	EDWARD WOODWARD
Hunter	RONALD RADD
Meres	ANTHONY VALENTINE
Stavros	POWYS THOMAS
Jeanne	LINDA MARLOWE
Avram	TOM KEMPINSKI
Berg	DAVID LANDER
Lonely	RUSSELL HUNTER
Secretary	LISA LANGDON

Designed by MALCOLM GOULDING
Associate producer TERENCE FEELY
Executive producer LLOYD SHIRLEY
Directed by TOBY ROBERTSON

"You do this for me, Callan — or I'll have you destroyed. I mean it."

ABC Weekend Network Production

See Series and Serials: pages 16-17

EDWARD WOODWARD
As Callan he wouldn't be killed

KILLER CALLAN IS BACK IN BUSINESS

THE man is a killer. He's still in business because when it was his turn to die things didn't work out. They couldn't kill *Callan* (Saturday, 9.0).

Callan first appeared as the anti-hero in the *Armchair Theatre* play "A Magnum for Schneider," but when the play was over the character went on.

"It happens sometimes," said author James Mitchell who created him. "It's as if the character takes on a life of its own.

"Everybody wanted to know more about him and so did I and that's how this new series was born."

Callan is a secret service agent working for a fictional department devoted to watching (and if necessary eliminating) enemies of the State.

"It was an uncanny experience to watch Edward Woodward bring him to life," said Mitchell. "It was exactly the man as I imagined him, every movement, every nuance of expression was right.

"He's not a glossy, James Bond spy. He's a flawed man in a way—he hates what he does but he has to do it. He's ruthless, yet he has this unhappy genius for personal involvement. He can't help caring . . ."

Mitchell, born in South Shields in 1926, has been fascinated by espionage for many years. He was actor, travel agent, shipyard worker and teacher before he began writing for a living.

He writes thrillers under the name of James Munro.

"There are stories in the papers every day, if you recognise them," he said. "I've been collecting material on espionage for years and I have a very extensive library. I get a lot of stuff from the States — mail order lists of the latest guns and microphone bugs. The techniques of espionage are important, but it's the character of the men involved that interests me."

Callan — Reluctant Agent

Callan is both the name of the man and the new series which starts Saturday. Edward Woodward stars in the title role. Below he is seen with Linda Marlowe in the first episode "The Good Ones are All Dead"

9.0 Callan

NEW SERIES

The first of a new series
STARRING
EDWARD WOODWARD
IN
The Good Ones are All Dead
BY JAMES MITCHELL
ALSO STARRING
RONALD RADD
ANTHONY VALENTINE
WITH
Russell Hunter

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Callan ..... **Edward Woodward**
Hunter ..... **Ronald Radd**
Meres ..... **Anthony Valentine**
Stavros ..... **Powys Thomas**
Jeanne ..... **Linda Marlowe**
Avram ..... **Tom Kempinski**
Berg ..... **David Lander**
Lonely ..... **Russell Hunter**
Secretary ..... **Lisa Langdon**

DESIGNED BY MALCOLM GOULDING
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
TERENCE FEELY
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
LLOYD SHIRLEY
DIRECTED BY TOBY ROBERTSON

'You do this for me, Callan—or I'll have you destroyed. I mean it'

ABC Weekend Network Production

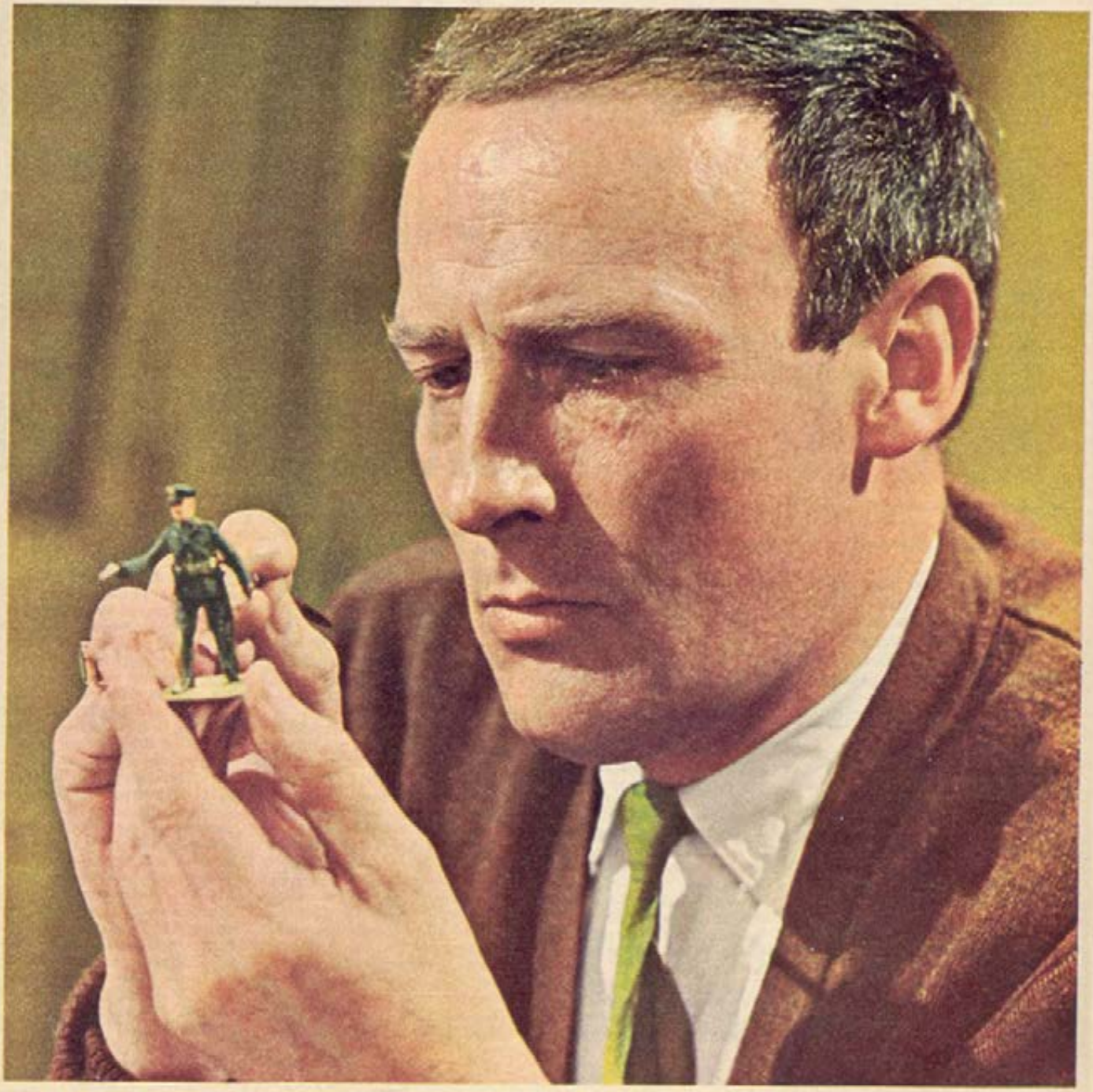
See page 9

ANGLIA July 15-July 21

TV TIMES/6d

Cover
Edward Woodward as CALLAN
Saturday at 9 p.m.

Country Boy from the city
See pages 6-7



9.0

Callan

STARRING
EDWARD WOODWARD
IN
Goodbye Nobby Clarke
BY ROBERT BANKS STEWART
ALSO STARRING
RONALD RADD
ANTHONY VALENTINE
WITH
Russell Hunter

Nobby Clarke.....**Michael Robbins**
Hunter.....**Ronald Radd**
Meres.....**Anthony Valentine**
Callan.....**Edward Woodward**
Miss Brewis.....**Helen Ford**
Rena.....**Fionnaula Flanagan**
Kanaro.....**Dennis Alaba Peters**
Stan Sheppick.....**Alfred Hoffman**
Launderette attendant.**Sally Travers**
Lonely.....**Russell Hunter**
Blair.....**Bruce Purchase**
Fenton.....**John Dunn-Hill**

DESIGNED BY BRYAN GRAVES
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER TERENCE FEELY
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
LLOYD SHIRLEY
DIRECTED BY PETER DUGUID

'You shouldn't have come here, Callan. I was always too good for you. I taught you, remember'

ABC Television Network Production

TV WORLD 6d

Complete Midland ITV programmes SATURDAY JULY 15 – FRIDAY JULY 21

Edward Woodward stars in Callan: Saturday 9.0

DICKIE HENDERSON FROM BLACKPOOL TOP STAR TALKING

150 mph BATTLE FOR THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX IN COLOUR

WOMEN WHO PICK THE STARS OF ITV SEE PAGES 4-5

COVER PICTURE

A determination to learn to act before aiming for stardom is now yielding dividends for Edward Woodward, star of *Callan* (Saturday, 9.0). With the praise of New York's critics still ringing in his ears for his part in "Rattle of a Simple Man", his selection by Noel Coward to star in "High Spirits", and his landing of the role of Guy Crouchback in the TV dramatisation of Evelyn Waugh's "Sword of Honour" triology, the future of 37-year-old Woodward appears very bright indeed.

9.0 CALLAN

starring
EDWARD WOODWARD
in

Goodbye Nobby Clarke

by **Robert Banks Stewart**
also starring
RONALD RADD
ANTHONY VALENTINE
with
Russell Hunter

Cast in order of appearance
Nobby Clarke ..... MICHAEL ROBBINS
Hunter ..... RONALD RADD
Meres ..... ANTHONY VALENTINE
Callan ..... EDWARD WOODWARD
Miss Brewis ..... HELEN FORD
Rena ..... FIONNUALA FLANAGAN
Kanaro ..... DENNIS ALABA PETERS
Stan Sheppick ..... ALFRED HOFFMAN
Launderette Attendant ... SALLY TRAVERS
Lonely ..... RUSSELL HUNTER
Blair ..... BRUCE PURCHASE
Fenton ..... JOHN DUNN-HILL

Designed by BRYAN GRAVES
Associate producer
TERENCE FEELY
Executive producer LLOYD SHIRLEY
Directed by PETER DUGUID

"You shouldn't have come here, Callan. I was always too good for you. I taught you, remember."

ABC Weekend Network Production

See People: page 3, Series and Serials: pages 18-19 and Women: page 19

CALLAN: 9.0
Ronald Radd in the part of Hunter

MAN FROM THE GORBALS FINDS HIS SPIRITUAL HOME

AS Lonely, the seedy underworld crook of *Callan* (Saturday, 9.0), Russell Hunter gets involved in many strange, spine-chilling situations.

But nothing which happens to him in the series is as odd as the mystical, real-life experience he had earlier this year.

Glaswegian Hunter, born and brought

RUSSELL HUNTER
He had been there before

up in the Gorbals, one of the toughest spots in the British Isles, said he's not given to romantic fantasies.

"Yet all my life I've had an obsession — to go to Palestine.

"Last February, after I'd been working very hard playing Long John Silver in a West End production of 'Treasure Island', I suddenly knew that I *had* to go to Israel.

"First, I went to Eilat on the shores of the Red Sea where King Solomon met the Queen of Sheba. Then I travelled to the Sea of Galilee.

"It was the strangest feeling of my life. I knew without doubt that I had been there before. Nothing was unfamiliar to me. It was like coming home, even though I don't have any Jewish ancestry.

"Perhaps I'd been searching for religion without knowing it. But I'm no more religious now than I ever was.

"It may sound crazy, but I do know now where I belong.

"I live in London but my home is on the shores of the Sea of Galilee and I shall settle there some day. I'm really sure of that.

"I shall buy a house there and breed Siamese cats. Why Siamese? Why not? They're the most beautiful creatures in the world.

"It all makes beautiful sense to me."

9.0 Callan

STARRING
EDWARD WOODWARD

The Death of Robert E. Lee

BY JAMES MITCHELL

ALSO STARRING
RONALD RADD
ANTHONY VALENTINE
WITH **Russell Hunter**

Hunter ..... **Ronald Radd**
Meres ..... **Anthony Valentine**
Curtis Dale ..... **George Roubicek**
Jenny ..... **Francisca Tu**
Waiter ..... **Keith James**
Callan ..... **Edward Woodward**
Joe Limberg ..... **Thick Wilson**
Secretary ..... **Lisa Langdon**
Lonely ..... **Russell Hunter**
Watcher ..... **Brian Harrison**
Chinese gentleman ..... **Basil Tang**
Robert E. Lee ..... **Burt Kwouk**

DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
TERENCE FEELY
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
LLOYD SHIRLEY
DIRECTED BY ROBERT TRONSON

'Lee's going to come looking for Callan. And between him and Hunter, one way or another, Callan's going to end up dead'

ABC Television Network Production

FRANCISCA TU
Chinese translation is embarrassing

WHEN lovely **Francisca Tu** was filming on location in Hong Kong recently, the German camera crew were relying on her for help with the language.

"But my family left Shanghai when I was only a few weeks old and I can't speak a word of Chinese," she confessed sheepishly.

Francisca went to school in Germany and, after ballet and dramatic training there, came to England four years ago.

"I feel very much at home here," she said, "and I've been very lucky in finding lots of work." She is appearing in *Callan* this week and is making films with both **Jerry Lewis** and **Sammy Davis.**

"Naturally, I'm usually cast as a Chinese girl so I'm trying to learn the language from records, just in case I ever have to speak it on screen."

One thing she does know in Chinese is the translation of her name: "Francisca is my Christian name, but my Chinese one, chosen by my parents, is Shiu-yung. It means 'beautiful for ever' which is why I don't use it. It's too embarrassing explaining what it means."

BOND, FEELY, ACTRESS CAROLINE BLAKISTON, DIRECTOR TOBY ROBERTSON
Script conference for 'Unscheduled Stop,' actor Bond's first venture in playwriting

SO YOU THINK YOU COULD WRITE A BETTER PLAY FOR TELEVISION?

by KENNETH HURREN

THE appetite of British television for drama is voracious and incessant. Apart from series and serials, nearly 300 plays a year are devoured by the medium.

Some are dramatisations of novels or adaptations of stage plays, but most of them are original works. Perhaps about one in six will introduce a new writer to television — but less than one in 200 will be that writer's first submitted script.

The script department of any ITV production company can expect 2,000 unsolicited manuscripts a year from would-be playwrights.

Margaret Walker, head of Rediffusion's script department, said: "Only a percentage of them ever reach the screen."

Helpful advice

Said Terence Feely, one of the story editors of *ABC Armchair Theatre* and himself a playwright (he diffidently refrains from writing for his own company but wrote "Love in a Geary Suit" for ATV's *Love Story* recently):

"The best we hope for from an unknown author is evidence of a talent that can be encouraged and nurtured.

"The play he submits may be hopeless as a production proposition, but if the talent is there we invite him along for an exploratory chat, send him away to try again on the basis of our advice, and perhaps he'll eventually repay the efforts we devote to him."

Lewis Greifer, playwright, consultant and script editor of ATV, will spend as long as four months in helping a promising new writer to turn out an acceptable script. He has two young girl writers, Jane Gaskell and Caroline Seebohm, whose first television plays, written under his guidance, will be seen in the current *Love Story* series.

Feely could recall one recent *Armchair Theatre* play that was actually received in the post from a new writer and, with comparatively little additional work, got produced. That was "Daughter of the House," screened last year starring Robert Stephens and Alfie Bass. Its author, Guy Clarke, is now at work on another.

Clarke is a newspaper reporter on the *Guardian*. Of the very few playwrights who score first-time acceptances, nearly all have already been successfully engaged in other forms of writing. Fay Weldon, whose play "A Catching Complaint" brought an immediate acceptance from Granada TV, is an advertisement copy-writer who devises the slogans that sell eggs.

Said Fay: "But it was two years after the acceptance before it was produced, and by then they'd taken another."

Both were included in last year's *Plays of Married Life*. Fay has since written for other companies, and has a *Half Hour Story*, "The 45th Unmarried Mother", and a *Love Story*, "What About Me?" coming up soon.

Her special subject has been marriage, but, she said: "I don't base them on my own marriage or on actual marriages I know. I 'marry off' particular people and types in imagination, and then try to work out, in dramatic terms, what will happen."

Limited freedom

Unlike most playwrights she wouldn't want to devote herself full time to the job. She feels it would limit her freedom as a writer and force her to write "to order".

In fact, there are no playwrights who make a full living from single-shot plays alone. The money is good, but not good enough.

Payment for a one-hour play can vary between £350 and £900, with the average between £600 and £700. The top men, in terms of talent and reputation, can negotiate fees of £1,000 or more.

But probably not more than half-a-dozen writers would receive much more. They would include such men as Harold Pinter and Alun Owen.

Since few authors would be likely to write and get produced more than three plays a year,

the work is not in itself "a living". Nearly all the full-time professionals write for series' programmes as well.

Philip Levene, author of this week's *Half Hour Story*, "Dead Certainty", is one of the most prolific writers and ideas-men in television, though he hates the word "prolific".

"It makes me sound like a machine," he said, "and it's not nearly as easy as that.

"I start writing every morning, seven days a week, at 6.45 a.m., rolling straight out of bed into my study chair, pausing only to brew some coffee."

Levene, a former actor in his late thirties, was in the long-running stage farce, "Reluctant Heroes."

Wide audience

He did his first writing for radio, went on to television films, documentaries, plays and series. He has been one of the principal writers on *The Avengers* and *Sanctuary*.

"I've never written anything I haven't sold," he said, "but I never set out to write 'commercially'.

"It's my firm belief that a writer can work within conventional entertainment formulae and still be able to say something important. I am not interested in a 'minority audience'. If I have anything worth saying I want to say it to as many people as possible."

Allan Prior, a Lancashire lad who paid tribute to his native Blackpool in an *Armchair Theatre* trilogy, went into the Civil Service after serving in the R.A.F. but got an early bite from the writing bug, threw up his job and has been writing ever since.

He is as compulsive as Levene. He said: "The idea of an audience waiting to hang on one's words exercises an irresistible fascination."

He draws his ideas from life and personal experience, but never immediately. He likes to let things soak into his consciousness, and it may be years before he draws on an experience as material for his writing.

"I write fast," he said, "but I think slow. Time was when I'd sit down with a blank piece of paper and wonder how I could fill it. Nowadays I mull over an idea and a story-line for weeks."

This is standard practise for the experienced playwright. Lewis Greifer drums it into his talent prospects that the really important work is done before the writing begins.

"The biggest fault in a new writer," he averred, "is that his interest in his characters is too superficial — he only knows them in relation to the events in his story. But he should know them well enough to know how they would react in any situation."

JANE GASKELL, LEWIS GREIFER
First play written under his guidance

Part-timers

Greifer is always ready to practise what he preaches. He may mull over an idea for a year or more, lying awake at nights working out characterisation and construction.

He has always been concerned with writing, first in journalism, then radio comedy, serials, documentaries and plays. He contributes at least one script of his own to each *Love Story* series and wrote this week's "A Merry Chinese Christmas."

Men like Greifer, Levene and Prior are the reliable, hard-core writers. But television needs the part-timers, too.

Some of them, like Fay Weldon, are content with that status. So is George Ross, the accountant who works in that capacity for ATV but also collaborates with actor Campbell Singer on Big Business plays like this week's "Difference of Opinion."

Many actors happily combine acting and writing—Donald Churchill, Douglas Livingstone, Leslie Sands and actress Gwen Cherrell are among those who appear regularly on our screens in both capacities.

The latest of their number is Derek Bond, whose first television play, "Unscheduled Stop", will be seen in *Armchair Theatre* soon.

Most agree that even if actors don't write all the best plays, they write those other actors prefer to appear in.

Paul Lee, who gave up acting more than ten years ago to devote himself exclusively to writing, agreed: "An actor learns about timing and rhythm in dialogue as part of his technique, and he knows what can be left unspoken."

Other part-timers look forward eagerly to the day when they can relinquish their other jobs. Typical is John Whitewood, who has just had a play accepted by Rediffusion.

He has been trying for three years—writing in winter, working as a barman-waiter in the summer.

Perhaps, in time, he will emulate James Mitchell, who provides the model "success story" of the part-timer who comes out on top.

Mitchell, a 41-year-old Tyneside schoolmaster, didn't begin writing until he was 33. He wrote two novels to begin with, and was asked by ABC-TV to adapt the second for television.

When he admitted that he knew nothing of television writing, the reply was that they'd teach him. And, by advice and editing, they did. He wrote two plays for *Armchair Theatre* and several scripts for *The Avengers*.

"I was combining all this with teaching," he said, "and I liked both jobs equally. But about 18 months ago, I had accepted so many writing assignments that the teaching had to go."

Since then Mitchell has moved into the upper bracket among writers and his last *Armchair Theatre* play, "A Magnum for Schneider", turned out to be the launching pad for the new series, *Callan*.

Mitchell's advice on when a part-timer should take the big plunge into full-time writing?

"When you have positive confidence your creativity will not run dry. And even then, take the advice of an agent and a script editor first."

PHILIP LEVENE
Every story has been accepted

JAMES MITCHELL
Teaching went in favour of writing

9.0 CALLAN

starring

EDWARD WOODWARD

in

The Death of Robert E. Lee

by **James Mitchell**

also starring

RONALD RADD
ANTHONY VALENTINE

with

Russell Hunter

Cast in order of appearance

Hunter ..... RONALD RADD
Meres ..... ANTHONY VALENTINE
Curtis Dale ..... GEORGE ROUBICEK
Jenny ..... FRANCISCA TU
Waiter ..... KEITH JAMES
Callan ..... EDWARD WOODWARD
Joe Limberg ..... THICK WILSON
Secretary ..... LISA LANGDON
Lonely ..... RUSSELL HUNTER
Watcher ..... BRIAN HARRISON
Chinese Gentleman ..... BASIL TANG
Robert E. Lee ..... BURT KWOUK

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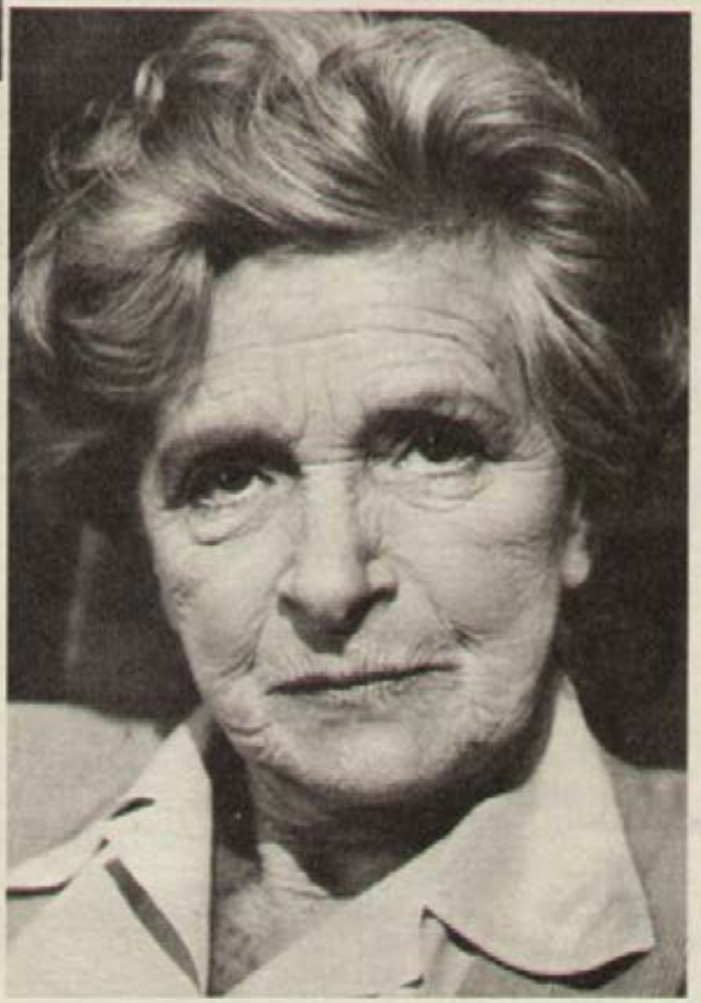
"Lee's going to come looking for Callan. And between him and Hunter, one way or another, Callan's going to end up dead"

ABC Weekend Network Production

See People: page 3

MAX CAULFIELD INTERVIEW

DAME GLADYS



Dame Gladys Cooper appears in *Callan* on Saturday

"The myth and magic that has followed her all her life has not deserted her"

ONCE she was the world's pin-up. British soldiers, dying in Flanders mud, wore her picture next to their hearts. To millions, her magnificent porcelain beauty became the standard beside which all English womanhood was judged. She was The English Rose.

For more than half a century, Dame Gladys Cooper has been a national monument. Her life has been one long fairy tale. She became a Gaiety Girl in the great days of Gertie Millar—that pre-1914 era of silk-hatted stagedoor johnnies and champagne suppers at Romano's.

From the end of World War One to the outbreak of World War Two, she was actress-manageress at her own theatre, the Playhouse in London's West End.

At an age when some people are contemplating retirement, she went off to California to become a Hollywood star.

Today, at 77, she has been creating a new career all over again as a TV star.

A truly remarkable woman.

None of which had prepared me for the impact of Dame Gladys in person.

When she stepped down from her chocolate box covers and picture postcards to give her first performance as a serious actress in the London of over 50 years ago, one critic, delighted with her performance, declared: "Miss Cooper surprised us all." Dame Gladys has lost none of her power to surprise.

Naïvely enough, perhaps, I had expected to meet a personage clad in chiffon, flounces and furbelows—someone, possibly, with the graces and manners of Oscar Wilde's Lady Bracknell.

Instead, I was greeted by a slim, tomboyish figure, clad in matelot jersey, sleek yachting trousers and sandals. A person who bounced into the room with all the zest and energy of a teenager.

"I'm off up the Thames when you leave," said Dame Gladys, explaining her matelot get-up.

"By yourself?" I asked.

"Of course, why not? After all, only a few years ago, I drove myself 3,500 miles across America from New York to Hollywood."

"Alone?"

"Naturally."

It didn't seem natural to me at all. I mean, grannies in their 70's driving themselves at break-neck speeds across America (and getting pinched for speeding into the bargain). "Mind you, it's not so dangerous as it sounds—if you stick to daylight driving."

A great man of action was clearly lost to the world when Dame Gladys was born a woman. Her one regret is that she was born the wrong sex.

"If I had to live my life over again, I would want to be a man. Why? Because they have much the best of it. And a woman is really so dependent on a man—even someone like me.

"A man can go wherever he likes, do whatever he likes. There are so many things I should like to have done—but couldn't, as a woman."

Talking with Dame Gladys is like being given a thumbnail sketch of modern English social history. She can remember London when the titled rich held magnificent receptions in great houses like Londonderry House in Park Lane.

"It seemed a very glamorous world to me, then—it still does. Of course, we, people from the theatre, seemed glamorous to them. I must say I enjoyed it all—deer-stalking in Scotland and all that, as well."

She knew most of the great names of the past. "Sir Seymour Hicks gave me my first chance as Bluebell in 'Bluebell in Fairyland' at Colchester in 1905. Then I signed a three-year contract with the Gaiety; Gertie Millar was the big star there at the time. It was while at the Gaiety that I began to do the picture postcards.

"Actually, they didn't help my career—critics tended to dismiss me as a serious actress, to regard me as just a face. That was why I was so pleased when the critic said I surprised him—that was in 'The Diplomats', with Owen Nares."

In the 'twenties and 'thirties she played many times with Sir Gerald du Maurier—"perhaps the finest actor I ever played with—he was the complete perfectionist. He gave off such electricity."

In 1933, the young Laurence Olivier had a role in one of her productions — "The Rats of Norway".

"It's so easy to say I knew he was going to be great. But I *did*. Like du Maurier, he gave off electricity.

"In those days, of course, he was working very hard to develop his art. Constantly trying out new ideas, experimenting with different ways of doing or saying a thing. Sometimes, he brought off something brilliant—other times he failed dismally.

"I remember ticking him off once. As director, I would sit in the stalls and study the performances at rehearsals. One night he tried out something which I thought didn't come off. I asked him: 'Why did you do that?' And he replied: 'I don't really know'. 'Well,' I said, 'Don't do it again'."

Today, Dame Gladys is surrounded by all the trappings of happiness and success. A luxury home in golden California; a retreat alongside the tree-hushed higher reaches of the Thames near Henley. Her grandchildren —"I'm always baby-sitting"—within easy distance.

The myth and magic that has followed Dame Gladys all her life has not deserted her. Someone has clearly whispered in her ear the secret of eternal youth.

9.0 Callan

See page 14

STARRING
EDWARD WOODWARD
IN
Goodness Burns Too Bright
BY JAMES MITCHELL
ALSO STARRING
RONALD RADD
JEREMY LLOYD
WITH
Russell Hunter
GUEST STARS
GLADYS COOPER
AND
ROBERT LANG

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Hunter	**Ronald Radd**
Maitland	**Jeremy Lloyd**
Bauer	**Robert Lang**
Lonely	**Russell Hunter**
Callan	**Edward Woodward**
Eva	**Rosemary Frankau**
Franz	**Les White**
Dr. Schultz	**Gladys Cooper**

DESIGNED BY PETER LE PAGE
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
TERENCE FEELY
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
LLOYD SHIRLEY
DIRECTED BY BILL BAIN

'No, love. They never taught me how to wound, only to kill'

ABC Weekend Network Production

Gallant Callan casts a line...

Not a woman in sight so the four regulars in Callan "paddle their own canoe" in buoyant spirits. But don't get them wrong . . . the four men in the boat are: in the stern Anthony Valentine, left, Ronald Radd and Russell Hunter, and in the bow Edward Woodward

Edward Woodward who plays the title role in the series *Callan* on Saturday said at a party recently: "Women can cause trouble. *Callan* is the happiest set I've ever known, and the secret is that none of the regulars is a woman!" An indignant *TV Times* woman writer went to challenge him, and here is how he talked himself out of trouble

by ANN MORROW

A-WAY WITH WOMEN!

LIKE most women I'd had a rather soft spot for Mr. Callan (Edward Woodward). I thought he was rather dishy with his lean looks and close cropped hair. But you can go off people rather rapidly!

Woodward met me with a disarming grin and a hat tilted rakishly over one eye.

He sensed my mood, poured soothing drinks, then said in the sort of voice used to placate rebellious children: "Oh dear, don't get me wrong. I am not anti-woman, not in the least little bit.

"I was only saying that the four regulars on the *Callan* set are men. Because of this it's the most relaxed set I've ever known. We are all great chums. Why we even give each other lines.

"But if there were a lovely lady appearing regularly in the series with us jealousy and tension would set in. The sexes being what they are, we would all want to play a romantic scene with her."

It was a charming and gallant argument. "Anyway," he said, "Callan would never get the girl because he is very unsure of women. Twice he had unfortunate experiences—once when a lady double-crossed him and another when his girl friend got killed."

When the *Callan* set got together I expected to find the kind of "boys night out" atmosphere . . . over-loud laughter and boring jokes about "the wife."

Instead there was an air of camaraderie. They pinched each other's cigarettes and were generous with applause for Woodward—without a hint of jealousy.

You could never imagine this happening on a set with four women especially when one of them had the starring role.

Knowing that three of the regulars in *Callan* are married, I asked Anthony Valentine, the only bachelor on the set, if he agreed with Edward Woodward.

Valentine, who plays Meres, assistant to Colonel Hunter, said: "We are great friends on this set, and this is because we are not competing for the same woman. It has been peace, perfect peace.

"Although there isn't one woman appearing regularly, we do have guest artists and they are all lovely."

Ronald Radd who plays Colonel Hunter, Callan's boss, said: "The atmosphere here is marvellous."

Radd, who took over from Stanley Holloway in "My Fair Lady" on Broadway rolled his eyes to heaven at the mere thought of some of the troubles caused by "leading ladies I have known."

Russell Hunter who plays Lonely, a crook, said: "We are such friends on this set. Why we even listen to each other, and that's something new! You have this kind of relaxed atmosphere only if there are four men working together."

Woodward, who is 37, is married to actress Venetia Barrett. He is fascinated by guns and has a collection from all over the world.

Leisure time is often spent in the garden of his home on the Thames bank at Twickenham, Middlesex, teaching his son, 14-year-old Timothy, how to be a crack shot.

"We just fool around with a .22 rifle," he said. "It is only an air rifle, nothing dangerous. We set up wooden posts as our target area. Timothy is pretty good now."

Woodward's love of the Thames dates from the time when he was a Sea Scout and spent many hours at Teddington Lock.

He has a cabin cruiser called Sarah Timpet, after the names of his three children, Timothy, Peter, 11, and Sarah, four. His great joy though is a little rubber dinghy which cost £13.

Whenever possible he rows himself to work at the studios at Teddington. "When the tide is with me that is! Then, when I am going home and the tide is against me, I use the outboard motor."

Before I left, the *Callan* charmers raised their glasses and drank a toast—to "The ladies, God bless them!"

9.0 Callan

See page 5

STARRING

EDWARD WOODWARD

IN

But He's a Lord, Mr. Callan

BY JAMES MITCHELL

ALSO STARRING

RONALD RADD

ANTHONY VALENTINE

WITH

Russell Hunter

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Hunter ..... **Ronald Radd**
Meres ..... **Anthony Valentine**
Lord Lindale ..... **Donald Hewlett**
Caroline Fielding ..... **Ann Bell**
Croupier ..... **Dene Cooper**
Callan ..... **Edward Woodward**
Miller ..... **Gerald Flood**
Lonely ..... **Russell Hunter**
Parlour maid ..... **Martha Gibson**
Police Sergeant .. **Kenneth Campbell**

DESIGNED BY DARRELL LASS

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

TERENCE FEELY

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

LLOYD SHIRLEY

DIRECTED BY

GUY VERNEY

'This your gun? Beautiful. You could get yourself a Lord with a gun like this . . .'

ABC Television Network Production

9.0 CALLAN

starring
EDWARD WOODWARD
in
'But He's a Lord, Mr. Callan'
by **James Mitchell**
Also starring
RONALD RADD
ANTHONY VALENTINE
with
Russell Hunter

Cast in order of appearance

Hunter ..... RONALD RADD
Meres ..... ANTHONY VALENTINE
Lord Lindale ..... DONALD HEWLETT
Caroline Fielding ..... ANN BELL
Croupier ..... DENE COOPER
Callan ..... EDWARD WOODWARD
Miller ..... GERALD FLOOD
Lonely ..... RUSSELL HUNTER
Parlour Maid ..... MARTHA GIBSON
Police Sergeant ..... KENNETH CAMPBELL

Designed by DARRELL LASS
Associate producer TERENCE FEELY
Executive producer LLOYD SHIRLEY
Directed by GUY VERNEY

"This your gun? Beautiful. You could get yourself a Lord with a gun like this . . ."

ABC Weekend Network Production

See Series and Serials: pages 18-19 and People: page 3

CALLAN: 9.0
Ann Bell and Anthony Valentine

CARD GAME MAKES A JOKER OUT OF FLOOD

WHEN 38-year-old Gerald Flood took the part of Captain Miller in this week's *Callan* (Saturday, 9.0), he was in for something of a shock.

Captain Miller is a sleazy, professional card sharper. That meant Flood had to carry a sharper's bag of tricks with nonchalant ease.

Playing card games has never been Flood's strong point. "I'm ham-fisted with cards, soon get bored, forget how to play a game in ten minutes flat and my luck never lasts long," he said.

"The funniest part was me trying to quietly transfer a pack of cards from my hands to the top of my socks.

"For someone with five thumbs on each hand, that's quite a feat. But I just kept on practising until I could finally cope without spraying cards everywhere."

Between rehearsals, Flood and *Callan* star Edward Woodward would get into a huddle with Ronald Radd and Russell Hunter for a game.

"I had tremendous beginner's luck. The first day I won 30 shillings. After that, I always lost.

FLOOD, ANN BELL, DONALD HEWLETT
Cracked eggs are worse than sprayed cards

"It was like the time I learned to play roulette in a casino in Marrakesh when I was filming in the *Crane* series. At my first session I was £15 up. By the end of the week I was £50 in the red."

In his present starring role in the West End comedy, "There's a Girl in My Soup," Flood nightly curses those far from nimble fingers.

As a Romeo-gourmet, he has to display the expertise of a cookery wizard when breaking eggs into a bowl with one hand.

Said Flood: "I've already had egg-yolk all over the stage. And that's much worse than a pack of cards, I can tell you!"

9.0 Callan

STARRING
EDWARD WOODWARD

IN
You Should Have Got Here Sooner

BY JAMES MITCHELL

ALSO STARRING
RONALD RADD
ANTHONY VALENTINE
WITH
Russell Hunter

CAST

Loder	**Derek Newark**
Lonely	**Russell Hunter**
Callan	**Edward Woodward**
Meres	**Anthony Valentine**
Pollock	**Jon Laurimore**
Flat porter	**Bernard Stone**
Hunter	**Ronald Radd**
Secretary	**Lisa Langdon**
Sue Lyall	**Pinkie Johnstone**
Mrs. Lyall	**Anne Blake**
Police Sergeants	**Philip Ryan**, **Stanley Stewart**

DESIGNER DARRELL LASS
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
TERENCE FEELY
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
LLOYD SHIRLEY
DIRECTED BY PIERS HAGGARD

'It's no use, Mr. Callan. I can't tell you anything. It was all a dream. You should have got here sooner'

ABC Television
Network Production

Returning

MONDAY: *Survival. Armchair Theatre.*

TUESDAY: *The Power Game.*

WEDNESDAY: *Callan.*

9.1 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
MICHAEL GOODLIFFE
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

Red Knight, White Knight

BY JAMES MITCHELL

". . . in this game most of us are pawns. You and I, who have learned a little more, we are the Knights."

Callan (Edward Woodward) is a thoroughly dedicated counter-espionage agent. His background is relatively unimportant — there are no wild parties, no string of beautiful women awaiting his every whim, he does not dabble in Bond-type gimmicks or, fixing the barman with a steely gaze, order his drink "shaken, not stirred." Callan's maxim is "avoid the sensational life, be careful, and then, if you are given the rubber hose treatment, there are no leads." But Callan is still tough, with a will of his own, as Head of Department Hunter (Michael Goodliffe) or fellow-agent Meres, played by Anthony Valentine, will verify. Neither would Lonely (Russell Hunter) the small time crook who does Callan's leg-work, cross his master. Summing-up the theme of this exciting spy series, producer Reginald Collin says: "The Secret Service is a real organisation, and we hope to show it realistically, as a job of work much like any other. The only difference is—you might be killed at any moment!"

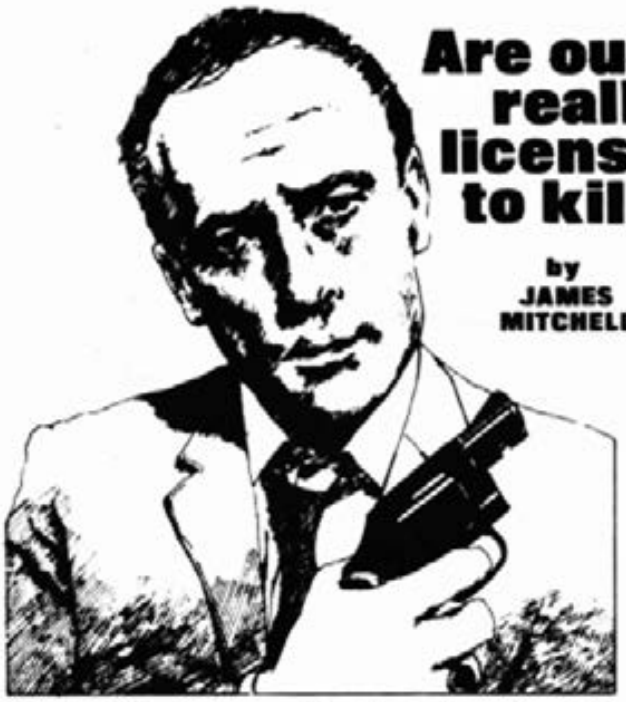
Hunter's secretary	Lisa Langdon
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Hunter	Michael Goodliffe
Callan	Edward Woodward
Truman	Douglas Fielding
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Customs officer	Jon Croft
Bunin	Duncan Lamont
Concharov	George Ghent
Hanson	John Savident

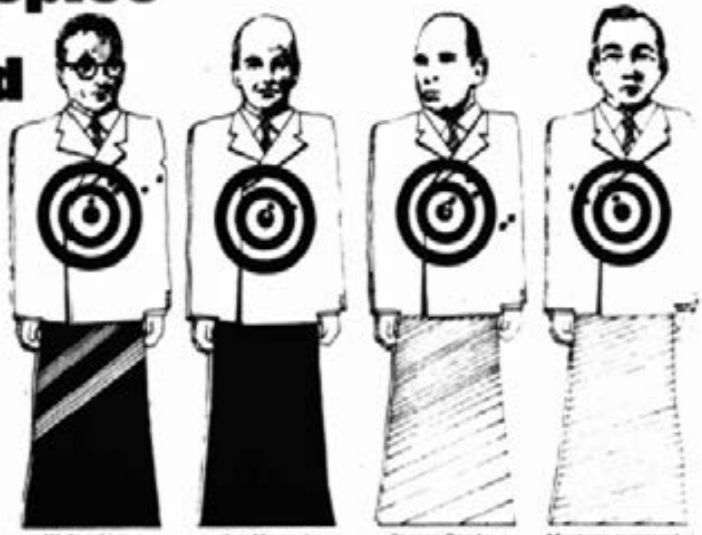
DESIGNER NEVILLE GREEN: DIRECTOR PETER DUGUID: ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN KERSHAW: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

Are our spies really licensed to kill?

by JAMES MITCHELL





Walter Linse, anti-Communist W. German lawyer, kidnapped (presumably killed) 1952

Jan Masaryk, anti-Communist Czech, whose death in 1948 was disguised as suicide

Stepan Bandera, Ukrainian nationalist, killed by KGB agent Stashinsky in 1959

Mystery surrounded the death of five Koreans in Europe in 1967

***Callan* is a killer. But how real is this screen anti-hero (played by Edward Woodward)? *Callan's* creator sifts some of the evidence**

DOES Britain have a *Callan*, expert and deadly with a gun? Do we have a secret espionage headquarters? And a Red File system?

One way to find out would be to write to the head of M.I.6, I suppose. He's an urbane and very civilised man with an office in Queen Anne's Gate, London, but I don't suppose he'd tell you. Another way would be to ring BAY 6412, the Soviet Embassy. They would probably tell you too much.

You see the whole point of a secret service is that it is just that—secret. And when statements are made by spies or their spokesmen it is to mislead.

The KGB—Russia's top spy service—has a whole department devoted to "disinformation."

So how can you possibly find out? You could, of course, try the writers, particularly those with experience as spies. Somerset Maugham's books, for instance. He spied for the British during World War I, and wrote a series of stories about it. He appears in them all, under the pseudonym of Ashenden.

What can Maugham tell you? First, that espionage, like every service, is mostly boring. All spies say that. Secondly, that when action does happen, there is altogether too much of it.

In the story called *The Hairless Mexican*, for instance, Ashenden acts as paymaster and controller for a man called Carmona, whose business it is to murder a Greek. And Carmona does murder a Greek, very wittily and cleverly—only it is the wrong Greek.

Or you could try the works of Ian Fleming. He too, had experience of our intelligence service, during World War II. Most of his books will tell you a great deal about SMERSH, that is KGB's Section 13, which handles assassinations and terrorism, known in Russian spy slang as "wet affairs."

SMERSH has been in business outside Russia since 1924, and is very, very efficient—probably the most successful murder organisation in history. Compared with SMERSH, the Mafia and Murder Incorporated are clumsy bunglers. SMERSH's list of victims is both long and distinguished. It includes Leon Trotsky, Stalin's greatest rival and victim, a man so well defended that even SMERSH failed the first time when they used a tommy-gun. The second time they succeeded. Trotsky died with an ice-pick embedded in his brain.

It's said that Jan Masaryk, too, was a SMERSH victim. Masaryk, a determined anti-Communist, was an idol of the Czech people and a source of great embarrassment to Prime Minister Gottwald, when he set up the first Czech Communist government in 1946. The embarrassment was removed.

An official statement said that Masaryk committed suicide by jumping out of a window, but the doctor who examined him found this hard to believe. Masaryk had first been shot in the back of the neck. Three months later, the doctor, too, was dead—of an overdose of a lethal drug, taken "by mistake."

To combat an organisation like SMERSH a particular kind of man is needed: the double O man, the licensed-to-kill man. He'd have to be well trained, of course, in unarmed combat, karate, and survival technique. But there are places, even in England, that can supply courses in such things. The English traitor-spy George Blake took an unarmed combat course, and was very good at it. But then Blake was good at every kind of espionage, including betrayal (because of Blake, it is claimed many British agents died violent deaths).

The licensed to kill man would also have to learn to fire a revolver accurately, and if he had an aptitude that wouldn't take long.

Our man would have to be a fighter then, and a courageous one. He wouldn't worry too much about fairness, trust and friendship. To the spy, the killer-spy, these are no more than weapons to be used—which is why Hunter is never 100 per cent. sure of *Callan*.

However, back to the question: Do we really have killer spies? Does *Callan* really exist? Or James Bond? Fleming himself wrote "James Bond is just a piece of nonsense I dreamed up." But then Fleming added: "He's not a Sidney Reilly, you know."

And with Sidney Reilly perhaps we do come to the answer. Only in the mad world of espionage could a man called Sidney Reilly be a naturalised Briton with a Russian aristocrat for a mother and a Viennese doctor for a father. Moreover he was half-Jewish, Catholic educated, and a practising Buddhist.

Only the mad world of espionage could cope with a Sidney Reilly. He's much too improbable for fiction. Great lover, great linguist, Reilly brought off such coups as attending the councils of the German High Command in 191[illegible] securing the Persian oil wells for Britain in the teeth of French opposition, and stealing the plans of Krupps—Germany's greatest arms factory. He also conducted a one-man war against the Bolsheviks from 1918 onwards, and with a bit of luck, he might have changed Russian history. But Russian agents shot him in 1925.

The point is this. Reilly was a killer. Not for profit, not for kicks, but a killer because killing was the most efficient way he knew of achieving his aims. So Reilly killed.

Of course that was more than 40 years ago, and maybe our spies have changed since then. Or maybe not. SMERSH certainly hasn't.

Stories that beat the security screen

FROM time to time, the drama and intrigue of real-life espionage explodes on to the front pages of the world's newspapers. MALCOLM STUART recalls some incidents which pulled aside the security screen.

Dr. Robert Soblem, 62, who died in London in 1962, was an East German agent wanted for trial in the United States. He managed to take an overdose of drugs on the way from Brixton prison to London Airport, as he was being deported.

Russian secret service (KGB) agent Bogdan Stashinsky, who defected to the West in 1961, confessed to murdering two Ukranian nationalists in Munich with a cyanide pistol. Stashinsky was sentenced to eight years' jail in West Germany, and is due for release in a few months.

West Germany's security agency is still investigating the apparent "suicides" last autumn of six senior Government officials in Bonn, all of whom had knowledge valuable to the East. Did the Admiral who took photographs of secret documents really manage to shoot himself in the back?

Most secret services regard kidnapping as an occasional necessity. Sometimes it is spectacular—like the smuggling of Eichmann out of Argentina by Israeli agents to stand trial for atrocities against the Jews.

At other times, espionage kidnapping is so blatant—and bungled—as the Great Korean Disappearing Mystery of 1967. It emerged that no less than 103 Koreans in Europe had suddenly "returned home." Within a month, 34 of them were on trial in Seoul accused of working for the North Korean Embassy in East Berlin. The following autumn five Koreans died in mysterious circumstances in Europe, one died after eating a cyanide-injected grape.

Mystery surrounded the death of a Chinese engineer in The Hague in 1966. The man, Hsu Tzu Tsai, believed to be a Western agent, was knocked down by a car, as he ran from the Chinese Legation. Dutch eye-witnesses called an ambulance, but as the still-alive Hsu was being wheeled into hospital, a car with CD plates drew up, a number of men snatched him off the stretcher and drove away with him. Next day the Chinese Legation told Dutch police that the man had died during the night.

10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
MICHAEL GOODLIFFE
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

The Most Promising Girl of her Year

BY JAMES MITCHELL

Love among scientists is always suspect—especially when the girl is English and the boy a German.
Edward Woodward who plays reluctant secret service agent Callan has a hobby which fits the image he projects on the screen. Thirty-eight year old Woodward collects guns and has a fascinating collection from all over the world.
With young son Timothy, who promises to be an expert shot, Edward practises on the grounds of his home, stakes being the targets of off-duty Callan's aim.

Joan Mather	Elizabeth Bell
Dr. Bradford	Raymond Young
Hunter	Michael Goodliffe
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Snell	Clifford Rose
Callan	Edward Woodward
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Sonia Prescott	Joan Crane
Horst	Peter Blythe
Karl Donner	David Hargreaves

DESIGNER MIKE HALL: DIRECTOR PETER DUGUID: ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN KERSHAW: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
MICHAEL GOODLIFFE
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

You're Under Starter's Orders

BY ROBERT BANKS STEWART

"If you want to get a head, get a pipeline."

Has the strain proved too much for Secret Service man Callan? It would appear so when it is discovered that he has taken files from Head Office and is planning to escape from the country . . .

Callan	Edward Woodward
File clerk	Michael Hall
Hunter	Michael Goodliffe
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Secretary	Lisa Langdon
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Millett	Harold Innocent
Mannix	Warren Stanhope
Hannah	Kathleen Byron
Watt	Mark Kingston
Betting shop clerk	Frank Seton
Nixon	Morris Perry
Receptionist	Jane Walker

DESIGNER TERRY GOUGH: DIRECTOR MIKE VARDY: ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN KERSHAW: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

Not a bath in sight—but Lisa plucks up her courage and sings out for the professional ear of voice coach Harold Miller. His verdict? "She can sing in tune—which is more than some actors and actresses who come to me"

A piano, a mirror . . . and Miller plays for a duet from Dorothy Tutin and Anna Neagle (right). Laurence Harvey and Honor Blackman are two of the other stars who have come to him to be tutored for stage musicals

WHEN it comes to taking a bath, the British prefer to leave the eccentricities to foreigners. The Romans might well have smeared themselves with grease. The Japanese can continue to bathe family-style. Good luck to the Russians as they roll about in the snow and the Finns, who actually belt each other with birch twigs.

In 20 million British households, bathing is primarily to cleanse the body. But we do sing as we scrub. A Briton's home may be his castle, but his bathroom is Covent Garden and the Palladium rolled into one.

Take a look at actress Lisa Langdon on the opposite page, for example. Admittedly the bathroom scene is somewhat unconventional, but then she is celebrating something special—the "official" discovery of her singing voice.

Lisa Langdon was born in Sweden, but has lived here for 11 years, long enough to be considered one of us. Until now, Lisa, who plays secretary Liz March in the *Callan* series, has restricted most of her singing, in stoic British fashion, to a conventional bathroom. But, just as every mouse longs to roar, Lisa, the bathroom Madam Butterfly, has nursed a secret desire to know if she really has the voice to tackle a singing role. She wanted to know if she could join the growing band of straight actors and actresses who are branching out into musicals.

Summoning her reserves of courage, Lisa visited Harold Miller, one of the best voice coaches in London, and internationally-known in show business. From a room with only a piano, a telephone and a large wall mirror in Weekes Studios, in London's Hanover Street, Miller has coached enough stars in 30 years to fill an entertainment Who's Who.

After Shirley Bassey had a tonsils operation, she went to Miller for exercises. Stars like Millicent Martin, Anita Harris, Annie Ross and Georgia Brown go to him for "refresher" courses. He trained opera singers Hugh Beresford and George Fourie.

Non-vocalists—at least, not in the accepted sense—Anna Neagle, Laurence Harvey, and quite recently, Honor Blackman have been tutored by Miller for stage musical roles. "It is sometimes surprising for people to learn they have reasonable singing voices," he says.

When Lisa went to see Harold Miller, she was very dubious about her singing ability.

But after 30 minutes, Miller was able to report: "Lisa has a small, but perfectly passable soprano voice. She can sing in tune—which is more than some actors and actresses can who come to me for advice—and has a range of easily two octaves. If she cared to exercise daily and train for about six months, she could hold down a musical role, providing it was not too ambitious."

It was enough to make any girl want to burst into song. Which is exactly what Lisa did—in the bath, of course. A Victorian hip-bath, up to her neck in bubbles, and with appropriate accompaniment.

But, sssh, keep it quiet. Don't tell the Romans or Finns that Lisa had a bath singing *Show Me the Way to go Home*, while a Gypsy Band played on, and even joined in the choruses!

We British don't want to tarnish our bathroom image.

Dave Lanning

10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
MICHAEL GOODLIFFE
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

The Little Bits and Pieces of Love

BY JAMES MITCHELL

"The worst days of your life may be years behind—but sooner or later you'll live them again."

Fishing in dangerous waters, Callan attempts to persuade a wife to act as bait for her ex-husband, a distinguished scientist now working in East Germany. The Government want him to take a holiday in Britain where he can be of use to them . . . See page 14.

Callan	Edward Woodward
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Hunter	Michael Goodliffe
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Secretary	Lisa Langdon
Mrs. Rule	Pauline Jameson
Agnes Gregory	Fabia Drake
Meres' Assistant	David Rose
Waitress	Vivien Sherrard
Dicer	Vladek Sheybal
Dr. Rule	Laurence Hardy
First K.B.G. man	David Garfield
Second K.G.B. man	Joseph O'Connell
Brezhevski	Andy Devine

SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL: DESIGNER STAN WOODWARD: DIRECTOR PETER SASDY: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

10.30 Callan: Canoeist Hilary Dwyer is a candidate for murder . . .

10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
MICHAEL GOODLIFFE
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

Let's Kill Everybody

BY RAY JENKINS

"However you play the cards someone must lose—it could be you."
An unknown enemy is planning to eliminate systematically the members of Callan's department. Although they have no aces in their hand, Callan and his fellow agents must win the tricks if they are to survive the deadly game they are forced to play.
When the score is totted-up, will the assassin have achieved his aim of "abundance declared?"

Meres	Anthony Valentine
Bremer	Peter Welch
Gould	Henry Knowles
Hunter	Michael Goodliffe
Secretary	Lisa Langdon
Callan	Edward Woodward
Jenny	Hilary Dwyer
Paula	Heather Canning
Walker	Kenneth Gilbert
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Ferguson	Stanley McGeagh

DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL: DIRECTOR ROBERT TRONSON: ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN KERSHAW: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

10.45 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
DEREK BOND
ANTHONY VALENTINE in

Heir Apparent

BY HUGH D'ALLENGER

Between Callan and Hunter—bitterness and a stretch of wasteland.
Hunter is dead, long live Hunter! Callan is detailed to bring the new head of his department to England from behind the Iron Curtain in East Germany.

Callan	Edward Woodward
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Sir Michael Harvey	John Wentworth
Hunter's secretary	Lisa Langdon
Harvey's secretary	Barbara Grimes
Jenkins	Peter Cellier
Italian guard	Mario Zoppollini
East German guards	Martin Lyder Frans van Norde
Hunter	Derek Bond

SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL: ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN KERSHAW: DESIGNER PETER LE PAGE: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN: DIRECTOR PETER DUGUID

Thames Television Production

10.30: Callan, with Betty Marsden

. . . and Edward Woodward

10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
DEREK BOND
ANTHONY VALENTINE in

Land of Light and Peace

BY JAMES MITCHELL

Callan sees the light but misses-out on the peace.
Is the "League of Light" a bona fide spiritualist organisation, or do the ectoplasm and unearthly manifestations cover more sinister activities?
Callan dabbles in the occult to call-up the truth.

Miss Hogg	*Betty Marsden*
Geoffrey Gleeson	*Alan Cullen*
Jane Ellis	*Avril Elgar*
Callan	*Edward Woodward*
Hunter	*Derek Bond*
Meres	*Anthony Valentine*
Markinch	*Ian Cooper*
Det. Insp. Charwood	*Wensley Pithey*
Det. Sgt. Lynn	*Bruce Purchase*
Hunter's secretary	*Lisa Langdon*
Sir Bruce Ingoe	*John Barrard*
Sir Bruce's secretary	*Robin Lloyd*

SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL: DESIGNER MIKE HALL: DIRECTOR PIERS HAGGARD: ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN KERSHAW: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD

DEREK BOND

RUSSELL HUNTER in

Blackmailers Should be Discouraged

BY JAMES MITCHELL

Sir Gerald Naylor is about to take up a senior position with the Canadian Atomic Corporation and must have an impeccable background to satisfy the authorities.

When an anonymous letter throws suspicion on Sir Gerald's past, Callan is asked to investigate.

Toastmaster	Bernard Whitehorn
Sir Gerald Naylor	Nicholas Selby
Lady Naylor	Karin MacCarthy
Hunter	Derek Bond
Callan	Edward Woodward
High Commissioner	John Arnatt
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Todd	Barry Andrews
Richie	John Franklyn-Robbins
Benson	Denis Thorne
Bishop	John Woodnutt
Secretary	Lisa Langdon

SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL: DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL: ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN KERSHAW: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN: DIRECTOR JAMES GODDARD

Thames Television Production

Putting Callan on a real life spot . . .

So there was *Callan*, crawling over minefields on an East German frontier wasteland. In the *Heir Apparent* episode of the series, it had every appearance of reality.

In fact, it was filmed on Forestry Commission land, near Frensham Ponds in Surrey. The stark effect was achieved after the crew had erected wire and a blockhouse.

They allowed five days for filming —generous by TV standards. There was torrential rain for much of the time so that the only camera that turned was the private one of Edward Woodward, whose performances as *Callan* should put him on any short list of TV actors of the year.

Filming ran to eight days and had to be curtailed even then. Which is why so many producers fight against leaving the shelter of the studios. Why too many programmes set in exotic places are still made with a length of library film, some plastic trees and chemical fog.

Location work is costly, time consuming and often uncomfortable. But it is always worth while.

10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
DEREK BOND
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

Death of a Friend

BY RAY JENKINS

When a French Intelligence man is killed in a mysterious car crash in England, the French authorities send an agent to investigate the "accident." Callan finds that the agent is an old friend, and together they follow a tortuous and dangerous trail to find the truth behind the death.

Jean Coquet	Geoff Cheshire
Hunter	Derek Bond
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Messmer	John Devaut
Lambert	Barry Stanton
Callan	Edward Woodward
Francine	Ann Lynn
Flomard	Jerome Willis
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Mason	Rex Robinson
Latour	David Leland
Hunter's secretary	Lisa Langdon
Watson	Lawrence Trimble
Hospital sister	Maryann Turner

DESIGNER VIC SYMONDS: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN: DIRECTOR PETER DUGUID

Thames Television Production

TVTimes

A Tale of Two Callans

10.30 Callan: Russell Hunter, left, Edward Woodward, Anthony Valentine and Richard Mathews in Jack-on-Top

10.30 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
DEREK BOND
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

Jack-on-Top

BY TREVOR PRESTON

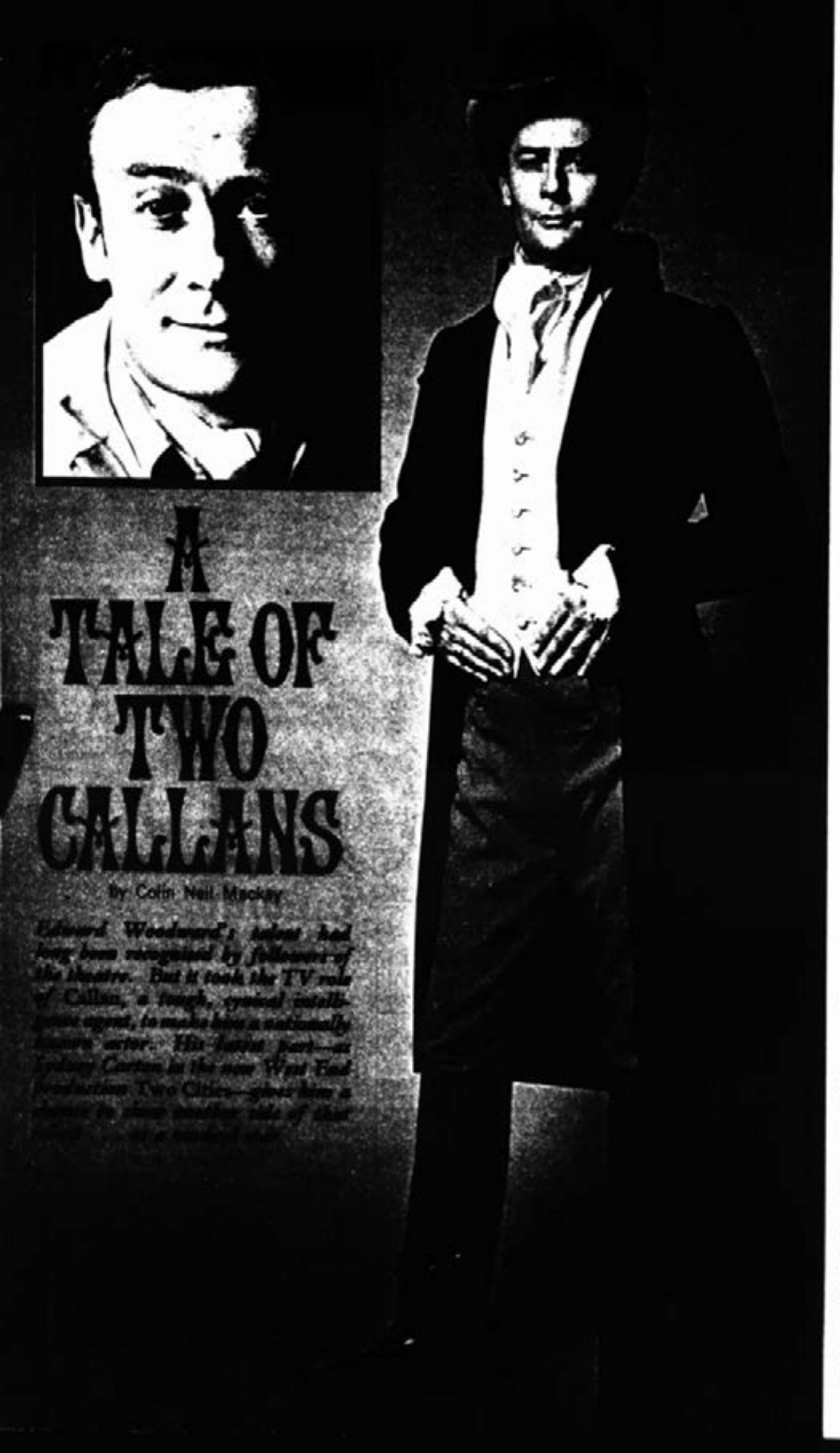
Set a thief to catch a thief and end up in the pool.
The K.G.B.—Russian Secret Service—network in London has been detected and the authorities are moving in for the kill.
The Russians prepare to leave the country and Callan is detailed to catch the head man.

Trochee	John Bailey
Selby	Anthony Blackshaw
Asst. Governor	Clifford Cox
Hunter	Derek Bond
Wilson	Conrad Phillips
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Callan	Edward Woodward
A.A. man	Dave Carter
Prison officers	Philip Ryan Kenneth Hale
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Stella Paxton	Daphne Slater
Holbrook	Richard Mathews
Special Branch man	Barrie Fletcher

DESIGNER TONY BORER: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN: DIRECTOR MIKE VARDY

Thames Television Production

See pages 68-69



A TALE OF TWO CALLANS

by Colin Neil-Mackay

Edward Woodward's talent had long been recognised by followers of the theatre. But it took the TV role of Callan, a tough, cynical intelligence agent, to make him a nationally known actor. His latest part—as Sydney Carton in the new West End production Two Cities—gives him a chance to show another side of that talent as a romantic actor.

EDWARD WOODWARD, self-effacing, mildly spoken, couldn't be more unlike the character of Callan, a paid villain licensed to kill.

He doesn't even look like an actor, and he certainly doesn't behave like the stereotyped image of one. No way out clothes, and positively no hell-raising punch-ups in London night spots.

If the real-life Callan the killer arrived on your doorstep, you would be quite likely to tell him you already had a set of encyclopaedias, thank you, or hand him half-a-crown towards repairs to the church organ.

Actress Sheila Hancock who starred with him in the hit play *Razzle of a Simple Man*, says: "Teddy Woodward always reminds me of a shabbily-dressed version of Bing Crosby. Maybe it's that woebegone face and the twinkle in his eyes."

Woodward, who is 38, lives with his wife, actress Venetia Barrett, in the corner house of an L-shaped terrace in Twickenham, Middlesex, with their three children, Timothy, 16, Peter, 13, and Sarah, five.

Teddy's only "spectacular" behaviour, according to Venetia, is that, when filming at nearby Teddington, he rows himself to the Thames-side television studios in a little £13 rubber dinghy.

There's also his hobby. Woodward collects knives. On the walls of one room are daggers, scimitars, and swords from Samarkand to Spain.

"I don't know why I acquire them. I just know that I love them—as much as I abhor guns," he says.

Venetia says: "It's part of an odd, aggressive side of his nature. He began collecting only recently. He's particularly fascinated by old army swords. I think, like most people of his age who just missed the war, he'd like to have been in it.

He remembers the war vividly, however. In 1940, nine-year-old Teddy was at Hurstwood School in Wallington, Surrey. "I met a woman who became probably the most important in my life—a teacher, Mrs. Grace King," he says.

He was a nervous child. So much so that "terror took possession" of his mind, and he was dull at most things.

"I used to go to Mrs. King's house two or three times a week," he says. "She told me not to be afraid. She introduced me to plays and poetry, conversation and ideas."

Grace King, widowed, retired to Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, remembers him as a serious-minded, sensitive small boy who couldn't be treated the same as the others.

"I realised he must be very

as an adult, or he'd crumple up," she says. "I used to sit and watch him at examinations, paper and pencil in front of him, but unable to write anything—and his face would go paper white.

"So I took him into my home. He just couldn't do maths. I wasn't all that good myself, but my husband was and together we pulled Teddy through."

How did she come to single him out? "I was attracted by his soprano voice and ear for music and later by his fluency in the spoken word," she explains.

Grace King insists that all she did was to give Ted—as she most often calls him—"a nudge in the right direction." Sheer determination did the rest.

With Mrs. King helping him along, he got a scholarship to Kingston Commercial College. There he had made up his mind firmly to be a journalist —"acting never entered my head." Until, that is, he came under the influence of two other women teachers—Marion Renner and Ella Perkins—who almost pushed him on stage.

One day Miss Renner, who had studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, told him sternly: "Face up to it. You'll never make a journalist. You must be an actor."

She was pretty sure that his parents could not afford to send him to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. So she tried to get him a scholarship, with his parents' stipulation that if he won it, he could go ahead. If not, he would drop acting.

In 1946, with thousands upon thousands leaving the Forces, there was fierce competition to get into the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. But Woodward won a scholarship hands down.

Marion Renner, who now runs a boarding house in Penzance, Cornwall, with Ella Perkins, insists that her protegé was "just a very ordinary boy in every way—except for this one shining talent of acting."

His fear of failure was tremendous. "But he knew where he was going, and he was determined to get there," says Miss Renner. "Even when things were pretty black, he'd keep going. He was a young man determined to get to the top—and nowhere else. I think he will go far."

Woodward, despite Miss Renner, did not stay at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. After only one year, he left—and ran smack into his second big theatrical disappointment.

The first had been long before, at Elmwood School, when he had rehearsed the part of Abu Hassan in a play based on the *Arabian Nights*. It was his first leading role. He rehearsed for a whole term. Then, the night before the dress rehearsal, he went down with flu. "I've never had such a disappointment since," he says.

But perhaps the second was more telling. At the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art he got an offer to play Sebastian in *Twelfth Night* and tour Europe.

"Unfortunately, the company got only as far as the King's, Hammersmith and the Theatre Royal, Norwich before it folded. So my first professional appearance was also a flop."

Then followed years of repertory work.

But for every actor the real accolade is his first appearance in London's West End. Woodward made it in *Where There's a Will*, at the Garrick.

Acting, to Woodward, is a job, a technique, to be learned as one learns any skill.

In his long narrow study, cluttered with volumes of Churchill's Second World War, the Dead Sea Scrolls, a framed crayon drawing of him as Cassius in *Julius Caesar*, the poetical works of Elizabeth Barret Browning, a tank of tropical fish and a black Persian cat somnolent on a Hepplewhite chair, he tries to explain his feelings.

"The first read-through of a television play—and you do 10 in a year—can be sheer agony," he says. "I had to play in *Julius Caesar*, which had 40 speaking parts and 120 non-speaking parts. Although only about 20 were present on the first day, most of us knew each other, and all of us knew somebody. But it was frightening because of the knowledge that in four weeks' time we were going to appear on that screen in front of millions. And you can never entirely get over that fear."

The viewing public, he thinks, get to know an actor better than his own family. Acting, he says, means throwing out enormous pieces of oneself. What comes over on that screen is a part of you that even your wife knows nothing about."

Woodward, withdrawn, almost aloof, is a devoted family man. And he has been one for a long time. He and Venetia first met in a hall in Pimlico, rehearsing Shakespeare for a year's tour of India. But it was not love at first sight. Teddy went down with para-typhoid, and Venetia spent all the time she wasn't on stage nursing him.

"You know how it is with nurse and patient—and there we had the Taj Mahal by moonlight thrown in," says Woodward. "I proposed, but Venetia insisted on waiting till we got back to Surrey and sanity."

Yet it wasn't until Venetia had acted with him, after their marriage, that she realised the strength of his personality. The effect, she says, was like playing opposite someone she didn't know. "It wasn't my husband. This was a man playing a part. He exudes terrific power, even at rehearsals."

The complex part of Woodward is that, always outwardly lacking self-confidence, he appears to have an inner kernel of faith in himself.

Yet this acute sense of professionalism, which Venetia admires on the stage, can be infuriating at home. "We quarrel like mad," she says. "I often think, 'Oh! You're thinking of the theatre before your own family' —and I get cross. On the other hand, I shouldn't want him to be otherwise, because I know that deep down his family is important. On the whole, he's not too bad. I suppose that all actors are difficult to live with."

Woodward considers himself to be no more professional than any other actor, and hasn't the least ambition to be a "Star". Many actors, says Venetia, tend to declare this, but Teddy really means it.

Woodward was brought up in the Church of England, but not strictly. Now he finds himself at the stage when he can't decide whether to reject religion altogether, or to re-embrace it. He says: "My feeling is embodied in the remark of one of the multitude to Christ—in St. Mark IX: 24—'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' Probably the reason I can't fully reject religion is that I've still to find something to put in its place. I can't wholly believe in Man, and only Man."

How is he fairing in his new musical, *Two Cities*, which opened in the West End last month? Sheila Hancock is certain that he'll emerge as a much more dashing actor than we've imagined. "Given the parts now, he'll be another Alec Guinness," she asserts.

Woodward himself is non-committal, almost superstitiously so, about his part as Sydney Carton in the show, an adaptation of the Dickens' tale.

Woodward's fans probably don't know that in the United States he is well-known as a singer. Oddly, when Noel Coward chose him to star in *High Spirits* in New York, he didn't know this. He had seen him only in *Rattle of a Simple Man* as a shabby down-at-heel.

But Coward spotted something in Woodward's work that others had missed, and he knew he could rise to it. Coward invited Woodward round to his flat to run through a scene from the play. Then he asked tentatively if he could sing. Someone struck up on the piano, and Teddy burst into song.

Coward beamed: "Thank God, dear boy, you can sing as well as you can act!"

MAURICE WOODRUFF PREDICTS

EDWARD WOODWARD was born on June 1st under Gemini, which indicates that he is sometimes indecisive. But he is very adaptable and able to handle the worst emergencies. In the years ahead, Woodward will do progressively better in his career. One particular film role—where he plays an unassuming character who suddenly thrusts himself forward with the power of words—will establish Woodward as an international name. By 1970, he will have to decide whether or not to stay a resident of this country.

AND NOW—YOUR WEEK

CAPRICORN (*December 21 to January 19*)
You may have to plan an unexpected journey. Towards the end of the week there could be a financial surprise.

AQUARIUS (*January 20 to February 18*)
Things should go surprisingly well, and minor problems will sort themselves out well.

PISCES (*February 19 to March 20*)
Celebrations with someone of the opposite sex are likely mid-week because of the success of a business transaction. Big surprises are in store.

ARIES (*March 21 to April 20*)
A business change could be the opportunity for which you have been waiting. There could be a gift for the home, and a surprise visitor.

TAURUS (*April 21 to May 20*)
This is an extremely good week to go ahead with arrangements for a business or personal tie-up. This will work out well.

GEMINI (*May 21 to June 20*)
Try to be a good listener. An old friend will seek your advice and will take a long time to get down to the basis of his problem.

CANCER (*June 21 to July 21*)
Your intuition will be your greatest asset when you are faced with a choice between two completely different things. Don't be influenced by other people.

LEO (*July 22 to August 21*)
Someone who is more knowledgeable than yourself will confide in you. This will prove to be of great benefit to you in a new field.

VIRGO (*August 22 to September 21*)
This is a very good week. Towards the end of it, you could receive an unexpected gain, and you will be popular and gay.

LIBRA (*September 22 to October 22*)
Someone near to you could become very touchy and will need diplomatic handling. But all should go well.

SCORPIO (*October 23 to November 21*)
Do not listen to the idle chatter of a friend. Check the facts for yourself. You may have a small windfall.

SAGITTARIUS (*November 22 to December 20*)
A social outing may have to be postponed. This will be only temporary.

IT WAS probably while **Derek Bond** was trying to dig his way out of a 17th century Italian church with a bent spoon that he got his best training for playing Hunter in the later episodes of *Callan*.

Bond tells me he was taken prisoner in Florence while—insult upon injury — he was on leave in 1944. "We had just come out of the front

line, and three of us decided to look at Florence. But it turned out to be less liberated than we had been led to believe." Bond spent the next year being shifted from prison camp to prison camp behind the receding Nazi lines, and trying without success to escape.

His least successful attempt to get away, he says, was when he and a group of prisoners tried to dig out the hinges of a church in which they had been locked. "They had been sunk in the wall in the 17th century and all we had to work with was bent spoons. It didn't work."

His first *Callan* episode, he says, took him back on screen to Germany, and crouching breathless in hiding places while German voices approached from outside.

9.0 Callan. Jacqueline Pearce, Edward Woodward and Russell Hunter in Once a Big Man, Always a Big Man

9.0 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
DEREK BOND
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

Once a Big Man, Always a Big Man

BY LEE DUNNE

A ship that sank during the war has been discovered off the coast of Devon.

Aboard is a safe which contains a list of people who might have played an important part in the war if events had turned out differently.

Callan is asked to retrieve the list. But what should be a simple task proves far from easy when he discovers he is in conflict with very influential people.

Capt. West	Michael Beint
Clive	Michael Forrest
Watt	Bernard Archard
Callan	Edward Woodward
Hunter	Derek Bond
Eva	Jacqueline Pearce
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Barman	Mark Moss
Meres	Anthony Valentine

DESIGNER ROGER ALLAN: DIRECTOR BILL BAIN: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.0 Callan: Edward Woodward, Jonathan Newth, Terence Rigby, Renny Lister

9.0 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
DEREK BOND
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

The Running Dog

BY WILLIAM EMMS

A neo-fascist group has unpleasant plans for an official of the Chinese Legation. When the man says that he would consider no sacrifice too great to make for Chairman Mao, Callan takes the law into his own hands.

Hunter	Derek Bond
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Callan	Edward Woodward
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Felice	Renny Lister
Holder	Terence Rigby
Henry	Jonathan Newth
Tao Tsung	Burt Kwouk
Forbes	Nicholas Courtney

DESIGNER PETER LE PAGE; DIRECTOR JAMES GODDARD; PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.0 Callan: Tessa Wyatt

9.0 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
DEREK BOND
RONALD RADD
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

The Worst Soldier I Ever Saw

BY JAMES MITCHELL

A father, a daughter, a foreign call. And loyalty plays for the highest stakes. Callan joins the domestic staff of his ex-Brigadier—a man who is suspected of being chosen to lead a mercenary army in an emergent African nation.

Hunter	Derek Bond
Harvey	John Wentworth
Col. Leslie	Ronald Radd
Callan	Edward Woodward
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Sarah Pringle	Tessa Wyatt
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Secretary	Lisa Langdon
Brig. Pringle	Allan Cuthbertson
Mrs. Carr	Julia McCarthy
Dr. Megali	Saeed Jaffrey
Gen. Klinger	Larry Cross

DESIGNER TERRY GOUGH : DIRECTOR ROBERT TRONSON : PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.15 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
RONALD RADD
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

Nice People Die at Home

BY ROBERT BANKS STEWART

With a pet shop as their cover, two Russian agents run a highly successful spy ring in Britain. Soon, however, they are to retire and it is known that their replacement is arriving in the country shortly.

Callan, under the orders of Hunter's temporary replacement (played by Ronald Radd) is instructed to take the place of the newsagent, gain the confidence of the pet shop owners and aim for a valuable prize —the head of the Russian Intelligence Organisation in Britain . . .

Marshall	Harry Towb
Nadia	Angela Morant
Hunter	Ronald Radd
Hunter's secretary	Lisa Langdon
Callan	Edward Woodward
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Ross	Roger Bizley
Belukov	Frederick Jaeger
Chelenko	Jonathan Burn
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Doctor	Kenneth Benda

DESIGNER PETER LE PAGE: DIRECTOR PETER DUGUID: EXECUTIVE PRODUCER LLOYD SHIRLEY

Thames Television Production

Callan—dead or alive?

CALLAN. Once a Big Man Always a Big Man. Thames. VTR ABC 7648

SCENE: Ambush. A pretty girl with a rifle has hit Tony Meres. Callan slips round the back way. Shoots. The girl is dead.

The question now—will Callan himself be bumped off? He has been dispatching people since the first *Callan*, "A Magnum for Schneider." (Magnum, in that instance, was a gun). This week, the *Callan* series ends. Producer Reg Collin is in a serious dilemma. He has filmed two endings to the series. Even the title, "Death of a Hunter," is deliberately ambiguous. It could mean curtains for the Hunter. Or for Toby or Callan, both of whom are hunters of a kind.

Collin told me: "Our problem is that this latest series has been fantastically successful. A year ago, we felt that this would be the last of it. Now we are not so sure. The difference between the endings we have filmed is that one leaves the way open for more; the other tends to close the book. Whatever is decided, I guarantee someone will die. Conan Doyle, of course, solved this quite classically. He killed off Sherlock Holmes. Then following public demand, he worked it out that he wasn't quite as dead as thought."

If you like *Callan*, now is the time to cheer very loudly.

9.0 Anthony Valentine, Russell Hunter in Callan

9.0 CALLAN

EDWARD WOODWARD
DEREK BOND
ANTHONY VALENTINE
RUSSELL HUNTER in

Death of a Hunter

BY MICHAEL WINDER

A man with a drug in his blood could believe anything—if he does, he might as well be dead.

In the last programme of the present series, a hunter dies—but which one? Is it the hard-bitten Callan, the laconic Meres, the enigmatic Hunter or someone else . . .?

Death, an ever-present possibility in the life of an agent, waits in the wings as today's story nears its bizarre conclusion.

Callan	Edward Woodward
Kenny	Terry Scully
Susanne	Barbara Leigh-Hunt
Striker	John Flanagan
Hunter's secretary	Lisa Langdon
Hunter	Derek Bond
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Haynes	Derek Waring
Sir John Harvey	John Wentworth
Koralin	Norman Wooland
Andrews	Michael Meacham

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JOHN KERSHAW: DESIGNER NEVILLE GREEN: DIRECTOR/PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

Atten-shun! Hunter goes on parade... with a power drill

Hunter is a smooth-talking, sinister figure who organises the anti-spy triggermen in *Callan*. But Derek Bond, who plays Hunter, takes better aim with a power drill than with a gun in real life . . .

SOONER OR LATER a man likes to settle down, buy a little place of his own, perhaps do a bit of gardening—and maybe even think about doing a few odd jobs about the place.

Well, that's just the way things have developed for Derek Bond, screen heart-throb of the Forties, and more recently the quietly ruthless portrayer of Hunter, the boss-figure and manipulator of agent *Callan*.

The trouble with Bond is, however, that he seems to have become power-crazed in his new role as occupier of his own little country cottage—or rather power drill-crazed.

Since he took possession a few weeks ago of one of the prettiest little houses in the charming Surrey village of Thames Ditton, his drill (an inspired Christmas present) has almost become a permanent attachment to his right hand.

"I must admit I can't seem to put the thing down," he said with one of those executive smiles that used to capture the back row of the one-and-nine. "This is the first time I have ever actually owned my own home, and you really want to do things when it's like that.

"It took precisely two-and-a-half weeks to turn the place over and make it reasonably habitable. We worked like slaves on it. Now I'm getting down to doing all the little extras.

"But I have to be careful where I'm drilling. Some of the original wood in the cottage is in better condition than wood that was added a couple of centuries later."

Yes, it really is that old. The basic structure is 14th century and the rest is believed to have been added around the 17th. The chimney is original and is classically perfect for the traditional log fire.

Ornaments are already installed and some of the walls are decorated with paintings by his 24-year-old son, Anthony. On one wall, by the front door, there is a portrait of the young Derek Bond painted by one of his wartime colleagues, Jasper Grinling, when they were in a German POW camp.

Bond was a captain in the Grenadier Guards—"In line for major if I hadn't been caught." Bond and some Army friends made the mistake of believing an over-optimistic piece of news that Florence had been liberated. "It wasn't quite as liberated as we thought. We went to have a look at the racecourse there and found the place smothered in German paratroops. They were as surprised as we were."

Now the old Army uniform is still being put to good use. The guards officer's cap, with its one-time gold peak, makes an excellent shield to protect the Bond blue eyes from dollops of wayward paint. The service dress uniform, designed for the younger, slimmer Bond, sits uneasily where it touches on the large Bond frame—and acts as an even further protection from paint, sawdust and plaster.

Every so often—with a reluctance that could bring tears to the eyes of the more emotional—Bond reverently lays aside his power drill, massages his crooked trigger finger back into something more resembling a human digit, and settles down behind his portable typewriter.

Doing well for the Bond coffers is that typewriter. Not many actors make the painful transition from uttering the words into writing them. But Derek Bond has.

In between calls on his acting talent, and when he hasn't been using part of it to push *Callan* into action, Bond is developing into a successful writer of TV plays.

He has already bridged the gap from writing plays "on spec" to being commissioned to write them. "Only trouble is it means I have a deadline, and that's interfering with all the work I have to do about the place." For a moment he really was quite depressed.

Bond, now 49, is settling easily enough into the dual role of actor-writer. If it wasn't for that darned power drill he might make a fortune at it.

Ken Roche

Ninepence

TVTimes

Yorkshire

April 4-10

Star portrait
ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK

Spring offer
CUT-OUT DRESS BARGAIN

Callan returns—9.15

9.15 Callan New Series

EDWARD WOODWARD
and
WILLIAM SQUIRE
PATRICK MOWER
RUSSELL HUNTER in

Where Else Could I Go?

BY JAMES MITCHELL

They say: "When you've got to go, you've got to go" but in Callan's case, having almost been there — can he come back?

If you're still in any doubt, Callan still lives. **See page 44.**

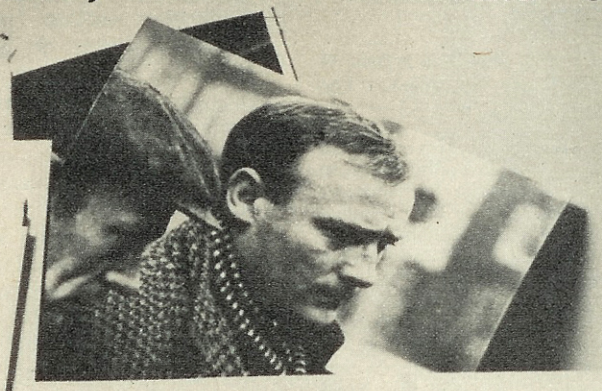
Callan	Edward Woodward
Nurse	Mona Hammond
Cross	Patrick Mower
Hunter	William Squire
Hunter's secretary	Lisa Langdon
Snell	Clifford Rose
Judd	Harry Towb
Blind man	Frederick Schrecker
Wellington	Dave Prowse
Lonely's auntie	Queenie Watts
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Prison officer	John Baldwin
Dodds	Denis Thorne
Merry	Alan Cullen
Henshaw	Gary Watson
Det. Sgt. Wheeler	Richard McNeff

SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL : STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN : DESIGNER MIKE HALL : DIRECTOR JAMES GODDARD : PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

GET CALLAN...

the anti-secret agent. The last episode of his history documented on ITV ended with his boss, Hunter (III) dead and himself nearly so. Time has passed. The first of the following extracts from his highly secret personal file requests that he be returned to duty. The last suggests that he may be. To find out, switch-on on Wednesday. Remember: the File from which these extracts are taken is designated Red. Which means Callan is still marked for death because of over-familiarity with his Section's methods. This file is compiled by JAMES MITCHELL, *Callan's* controller since he became a spy



From: Head of Sections To: Hunter (IV)

NO COPIES. DELIVERY AND RETURN BY NOMINATED MESSENGER ONLY: DC/EO 17

REQUEST FROM YOU POSSIBLE REINSTATEMENT CALLAN.

CALLAN de-activated 1969 after killing Hunter (III). Why re-activate now?

ADVISE. MOST URGENT.

Head of Sections

To: Head of Sections

From: Hunter (IV)

NO COPIES. DELIVERY AND RETURN BY NOMINATED MESSENGER ONLY

Ref: DC/EO 17

CALLAN far the best agent this section had. Recalled at RED FILE material - i.e. eliminations of persons considered dangerous to security and or state. Since death of HUNTER (III) he has been under intensive medical care.

Submit that he must be re-activated if passed fit for duty, in view of extreme shortage RED FILE operatives.

I have instructed relevant departments to give you further background on CALLAN.

Hunter (IV)

From: Appointments Officer

To: Head of Sections

Callan was born south London 1931. (Age 38). Parents killed by V2 in 1944. Callan found their bodies on way home from school. From then lived with an aunt until he joined the Army. Aunt now deceased.

Educated Junior School, Secondary Modern and Technical College. Left school 1946. Worked as apprentice to firm of locksmiths. (Attended technical courses on day release).

Army: Could have gone into Royal Engineers. Surprised employers by choosing Infantry (Green Howards).

Highest possible ratings for initiative; unarmed combat; shooting. Very high survival factor. Promoted Corporal. Reduced to ranks for insolence to superior officer. Then transferred to Commandos. Quickly re-promoted to Corporal. Service in Malaya. His unit very successful in catching and killing Communist Chinese. Callan recommended for D.S.M. but involved in drunken brawl with Infantry Sergeants whom he beat up badly. Reduced to ranks. D.S.M. withheld. Demobbed 1952.

Resumed work at locksmiths. Suddenly and inexplicably attempted to rob jeweller's safe supplied

by his firm. Caught by accident. Old night-watchman stumbled on to him, grabbed him and yelled. Callan, who could have killed him, didn't, and was caught.
Sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Wormwood Scrubs. Released after 15 months. (Here he first met the burglar known as Lonely). Hunter (I) took him into Section on basis of (a) Commando record; (b) burgling skill. Went to 'college' 1953-54. Developed skills in theft, unarmed combat and shooting. Dead shot with pistol. First operation involved him in blackmail and killing. Very high rating.
From then until 1966 Callan carried out 19 missions, including 11 killings: 15 were complete success; two failed because of inadequate briefing; two because of failure of colleagues. Callan prefers to work alone. (This may influence attitude to colleagues.)
By 1960 Callan was second-in-command to Hunter (I) who rated him very highly. Very possible next Head of Section.
But in 1965 he killed a Russian spy whom he knew well and liked. From that time became too involved with the people who were his targets. Worked with the same skill, but increasing reluctance. Hunter tried hard to change him but failed.
Callan de-activated from Section 1966. Trained as book-keeper, worked for wholesale grocer who believed him to be ex-convict.
Re-activated 1968. Complete success with Hunter (II) — AA rating in all operations. Complete success with Hunter (III) until brainwashed by KGB into killing him. Shortly afterwards, Callan was shot by Meres. After critical illness Callan is about to be discharged from hospital. Medically A1. No extensive psychiatric tests have yet been carried out.
Callan is a non-smoker, drinks Scotch, cautiously on a job, heavily on certain other occasions. Never drunk.

RON McFARLANE

From: Hunter (IV)

To: Head of Sections

(No copies. Delivery and return by nominated messenger only). Ref: DC/E0 17

Subject: Callan - Involvement with Women

MOST SECRET

Remarkably little on file. I suspect this to be because Callan is an operative alert enough to conduct his amours when his colleagues aren't watching.
He appears to be quite adequately normal sexually. There can be no doubt of his attraction to women. There is a remarkable charm behind that brisk and witty ruthlessness. He has used it several times on Section business, with success. He is, of course, also a risk to us, so far as women are concerned. That "capacity for involvement with other people" could, I am well aware, prove extremely embarrassing to himself and to my Section, but: (a) I am confident that I shall be aware of any danger from Callan in time to deal with it; (b) he himself has controlled the risk in the past, and I see no reason why he should not continue to do so, especially as his control is motivated by the fear that the woman involved may be hurt by others — or by this Section.

Hunter (IV)

From: A.T.W.G.Snell (Psychiatric Consultant to Section)

To: Head of Sections (Group)

Callan is a very healthy man with excellent reflexes, muscular co-ordination and eyesight. Physically he is again in good condition. There is no evidence at this stage to suggest that he has not fully recovered from brainwashing by KGB. However, tests in this area are incomplete and I consider this report to be an interim one.
I would add that since he has become aware of his responsibility for the death of Hunter (III) he has lost whatever little conception he had of the word 'duty'. The flaw — if one may so express it — already in his nature, i.e. his capacity for involvement with other people (consider his relationship with the petty criminal Lonely) has intensified and I would consider it even more likely to imperil a Section operation. For the record, Callan's I.Q. is still well above average. (Actual score withheld, as is usual in this Section). Rorschach and other tests show him to be of very stable mentality other than under conditions stated. No evidence of inversion. Trend to sadism remains, but held in balance.
At this moment in time, despite his obvious abilities, I recommend Callan's withdrawal from the Section though finally, and no matter how irrelevantly, may I say this: I still like Callan.

A.T.W.G.Snell, M.B., B.Ch. M.R.C.P., D.P.S.

Extract from transcribed tape recorded by D.T. Judd - Armourer, Hunter's Section.

MOST SECRET

. . . So like I say the guy is good. Better than good. You know. Like great . . . Listen, when I was in the States I carried a gun for a mob in Youngstown, Ohio. They're tough there, believe me. The way most guys think they're tough. Know what I mean? Back there they chew walls and spit bricks — but I tell you — we never had one like Callan . . . The guy never misses. There's days I think he *can't* miss. All he has to do is point — and bang! — you're dead . . . Brave? . . . Don't ask me, Mister. Ask the guys he's killed. From what I hear they were mostly looking at him at the time — with guns in their hands . . .

From: Head of Sections

To: Hunter (IV)

(No copies. Delivery and return by nominated messenger only). Ref: DC/E0/17

Callan's background noted and acknowledged. Re-activation possible, *provided* Snell is completely satisfied that he has passed the further psychiatric tests that Snell himself will devise. *If* Snell is *then* satisfied, Callan may be re-instated, in view of your failure to recruit sufficient operatives to handle Red File subjects, but in that event Callan must be very carefully controlled. What do you suggest?

Head of Sections

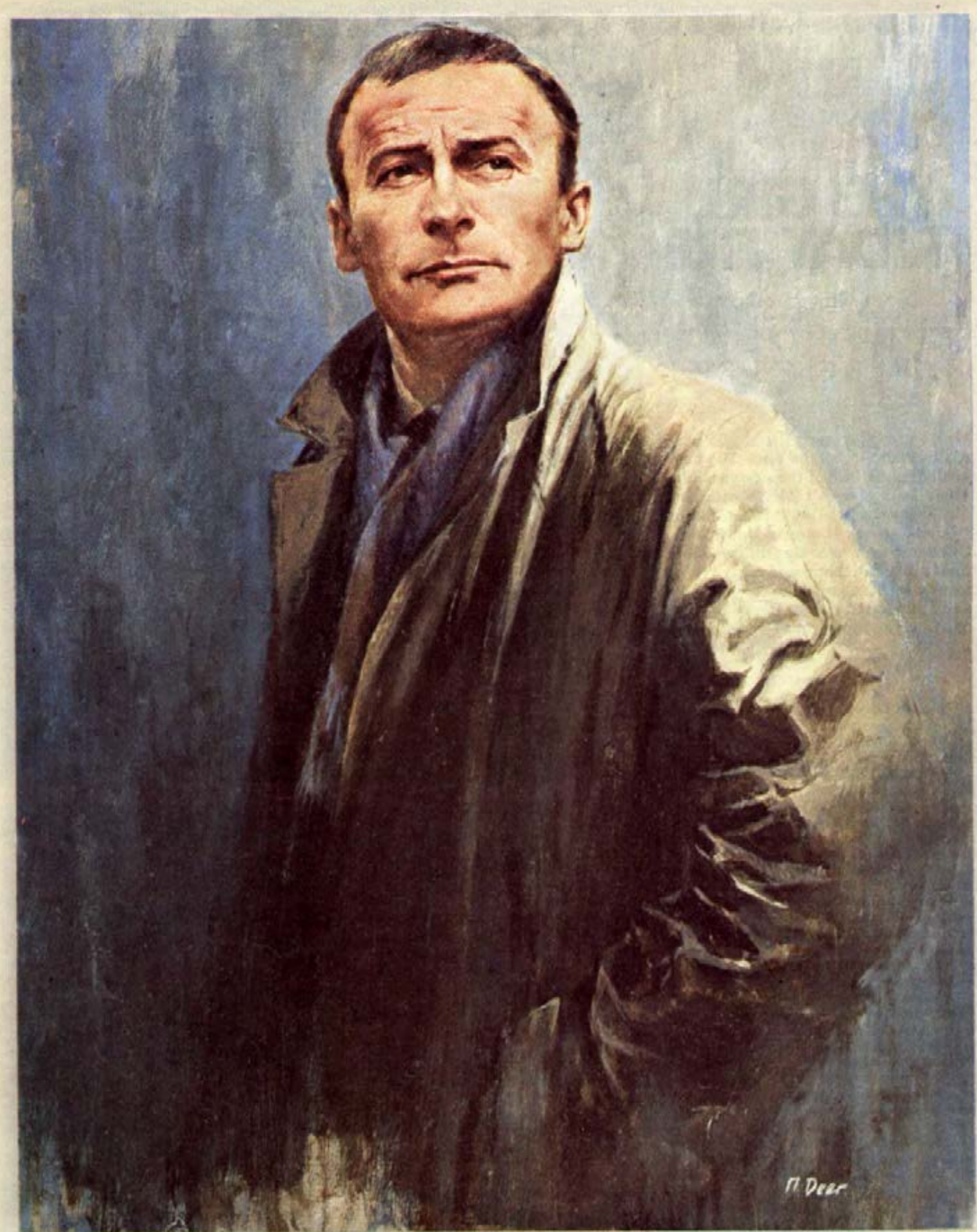
The TVTimes Top Ten

EDWARD WOODWARD

Portrait by NEVILLE DEAR

AGE	39
STARSIGN	Gemini
MARITAL STATUS	Married, three children: Timothy (15), Peter (13), Sarah (6)
BIRTHPLACE	Croydon, Surrey, June 1, 1930
EDUCATION	Ecclesbourne Road School, Sydenham Road School (both Croydon), Elmwood School, Wallingford, Kingston Commercial School, Royal Academy of Dramatic Art
DEBUT	*A Kiss for Cinderella*, Farnham Repertory Company (1947)
STAGE	*The Queen and the Welshman*, Edinburgh Festival (1957); *Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet*, Stratford (1958); *Intimacy at 8.30*, Criterion Theatre (1959-60); *Rattle of a Simple Man*, Garrick Theatre and Broadway, (1962); *High Spirits*, New York (1964); *The High Bid*, Mermaid Theatre (1967); *Two Cities*, Palace Theatre and Broadway (1968-69); *The White Devil*, National Theatre (1969-70)
RADIO	Many plays
FILMS	*Becket* (1966); *File on the Golden Goose* (1968); *A Fine and a Private Place* (1970)
TELEVISION	*Emergency—Ward 10* (1957); *Skyport* (1960); *Sword of Honour* (1968); over 250 dramatic parts including *Au Pair Swedish Style, Entertaining Mr. Sloane, Murders in the Rue Morgue, Night of Talavera, Julius Caesar, The Listener, Callan* (1967-70)
RECORDS	Grains of Sand (1969); This Man Alone (1970)
ADDRESS	Twickenham
HOBBIES	Collecting swords, gem polishing, boating

Next week: GERALD HARPER



EDWARD WOODWARD

Russell Hunter in Callan—9.0

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in Summoned to Appear

BY TREVOR PRESTON

with

William Squire
Patrick Mower
Russell Hunter

Callan and Cross are chasing an assassin, and in the confusion Cross kills an innocent man. Callan, who is detained as a witness as Cross escapes, claims the man committed suicide — but another witness says it was murder. The department doesn't want to know . . .

Callan	Edward Woodward
Hunter	William Squire
Cross	Patrick Mower
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Palanka	Sylvester Morand
Mr. Karas	George Pravda
Mrs. Karas	Hana-Maria Pravda
Inspector Kyle	Norman Henry
Mr. Lorrimer	Edward Caddick
Mr. Leach	Edward Burnham
Mrs. Kent	Rhoda Lewis
Mr. Arlen	Henry Manning
Mrs. Arlen	Sylvia Burrows
Girls on bus	Cheryl Hall Lesley Daine
Porters	Donegal Warren Clarke
Sergeant	Michael Martin
Constable	Charles Pemberton

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL: DIRECTOR VOYTEK: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

PAUL STOKES

Hunter and Woodward — breaks from rehearsal mean breaks at the table

One of the times Callan gets snookered

SUMMING himself up as a snooker player, **Edward Woodward** says, "I'm not so much a player, more a putter."

But he is a fan all right. When there's a break in the recording of *Callan* he and **Russell Hunter,** who plays Lonely, make for the studio's recreation room, chalk their cues, pot the reds, make all the right breaks and *look* almost professional. They are talented actors.

Woodward even plays during breaks in rehearsals. "You invariably find," he says, "that tucked away in the corner of a rehearsal room there is a snooker table, and you invariably find that's where I am." **See Putting it briefly.**

TRISHA BRANCHES OUT INTO THE ESPIONAGE WORLD

Trisha Noble is not just one of the prettiest faces on television. Watch *Callan* this week, when Trisha plays the hostile Mrs. Price, the female lead in a frame-up. A murder thwarts Callan's attempts to expose a spy ring, and Mrs. Price is prime suspect.

This is not the kind of role usually associated with the lovely Miss Noble. On *The Engelbert Humperdinck Show* next week, she will be singing and dancing with Engelbert.

TRISHA'S TARGET: THE BOLSHOI—*Callan at 9.0*

Edward Woodward, Trisha Noble

EDWARD WOODWARD
WILLIAM SQUIRE
PATRICK MOWER
RUSSELL HUNTER in

The Same Trick Twice

BY BILL CRAIG

The Russians agree to a swop of captured agents with the British, but things soon start to backfire on Callan. Trisha Noble, who is appearing more and more these days in dramatic roles, plays Jean Price who becomes suspected of a murder. And four days after this programme Trisha moves right in on the K.G.B. when she and her husband Alan Sharpe leave for a holiday in Russia. But the only agents involved for this trip are the travel agents who have booked their tickets for the Bolshoi. For Trisha, who qualified as a ballet teacher is a dance fanatic, which is understandable as her mother runs a school of ballet in Australia.

Says Trisha: "Russia is one of the places I have always wanted to see. Russian culture fascinates me.

Callan	Edward Woodward
German Captain	Andrew Sachs
Bishop	Geoffrey Chater
Hunter	William Squire
Cross	Patrick Mower
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Freddy	Harold Innocent
Jean Price	Trisha Noble

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL: DIRECTOR PETER DUGUID: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

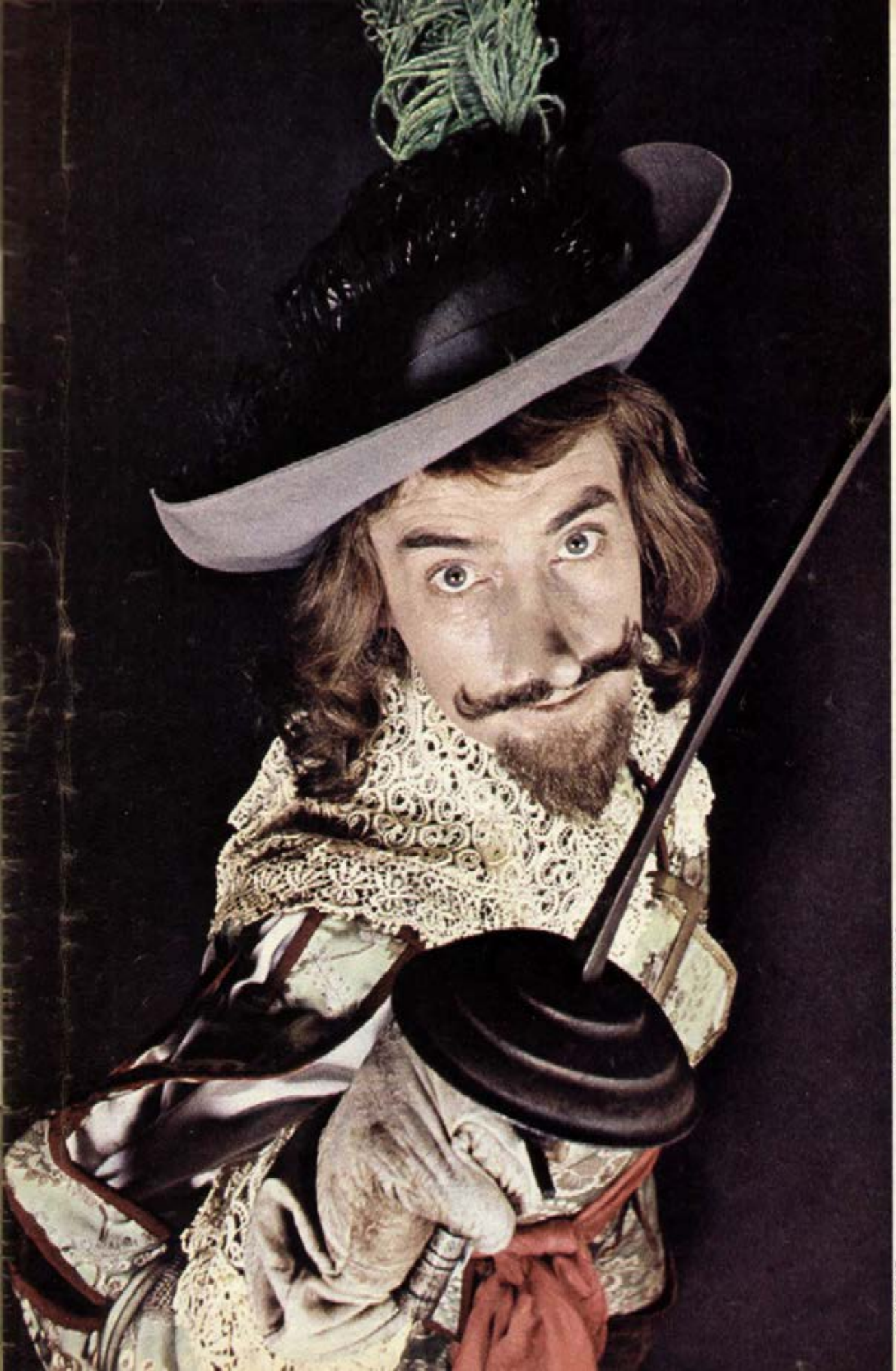
CALLAN CROSSES SWORDS WITH A LADY

by Dave Lanning

Switching a gun for a sword, Callan—alias Edward Woodward—faces a stage role of Cyrano de Bergerac. But first, TV's man of steel had to cross blades with the current ladies foil champion

CALLAN doesn't exactly go around swashing his buckles, but in his own efficient way he is deadlier than that famous 17th century duellist, Cyrano de Bergerac.

Both masters at the martial arts, they could slot comfortably into the adult education programme on *Fencing* on Sunday. For the man who this year will make both roles bristle with authenticity—Television Actor of the Year, *continued on page 4*



With a flash of steel the victor thrusts home. Seventeenth-century duellist, Cyrano de Bergerac—played by Edward Woodward—prepares to silence the man who jeered at his ugliness

CALLAN DUELS WITH A LADY

continued / Edward Woodward—can rattle a sabre or flash a foil in good company.

As he is scheduled to play the title role in a National Theatre production of Cyrano de Bergerac in the autumn, he went to the London Fencing Club to limber up with the reigning British and Commonwealth ladies foil champion, Mrs. Janet Wardell-Yerburgh.

Janet started fencing at school in Cheltenham "because I was too fat for ballet," and has represented Britain in both the Tokyo and Mexico Olympics. Woodward studied fencing for two years at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, has a personal collection of 150 swords at his Twickenham home, and has played most of Shakespeare's classic sword-fighting roles.

"I have been Cassio in *Othello*, Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, and I have fought Sir Michael Redgrave as Laertes in *Hamlet*," he says. "In my first stage fight at Farnham Repertory in 1947 the button came off the end of my foil and I ran somebody through the arm. And I once lost concentration during the Mercutio duel and took a nasty whack on the chest."

Every stage sword fight is carefully choreographed and when Woodward is one of the protagonists he insists on a fight rehearsal before every performance. He will go into intensive training for Cyrano de Bergerac, which is, of course, the classic fencing role.

"I shall be out for a trot around the block each morning," he says. "And I will have arm-strengthening exercises and mock fights with my son Tim, using weapons from my collection."

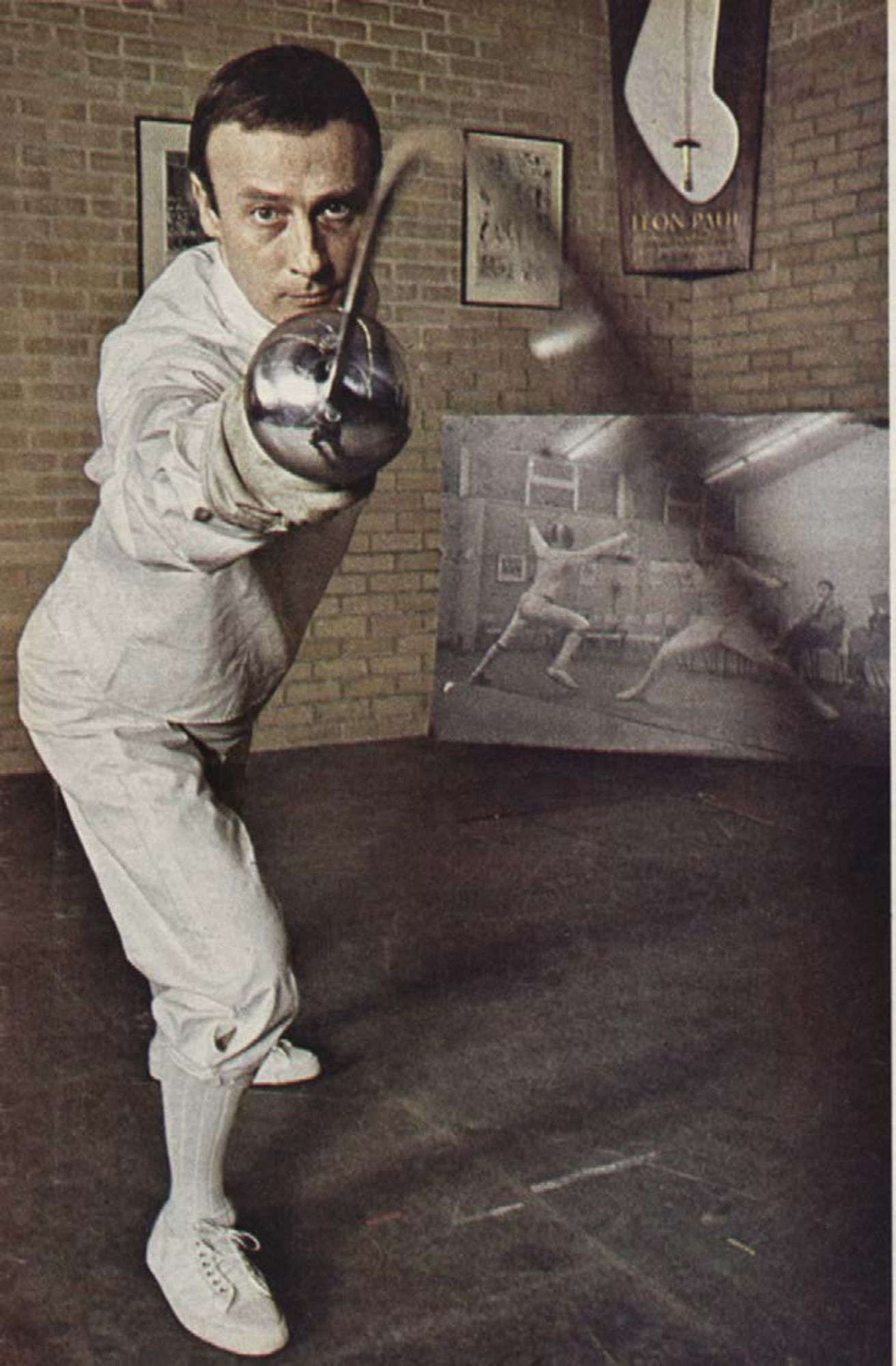
Woodward believes it's also useful to train with Janet, who often improvises in a sword fight and doesn't follow the script.

"It keeps you on your toes," he says.

For the record, Janet outfought Woodward, and the stage Cyrano was foiled again and again. "But you wouldn't expect a gallant romantic like Cyrano to cross swords with a lady—and win," explains Woodward.

IF DON JUAN MET CALLAN...

The Big Sword Fights were once the prerogative of the cinema. Silent movie fans sighed over Douglas Fairbanks Snr. in *The Iron Mask* (far left); their daughters gasped for Tony Curtis in a tough corner against David Farrar in *The Black Shield of Falworth* (centre); and Errol Flynn was . . . well, Errol Flynn in *The Adventures of Don Juan*. Master swordsmen all, but now emerges a new brigade of television actors, like Edward Woodward and Gerald Harper (of *Hadleigh*). Properly trained in the martial arts, they could probably floor the heroes of the bigger screen.



Callan comes out fencing. Emerging from his bullet-torn world of spies, Edward Woodward cuts a fine figure, as he practises for his latest role as swordsman extraordinary

Moment of history—Callan's first kiss

This is Edward Woodward (left) as Callan letting his guard down. Callan kissing a woman—for the first time in the series. The woman is Lady Lewis, widow of a foreign secretary, and she is played by Zena Walker. The episode will be screened shortly.

What begins as a routine assignment becomes something personal. David Callan and Lady Lewis sip drinks, talk about model soldiers, and kiss. Could it be love that will last? Doubt it. This is Callan.

Selling with a song

Jacky Lee, a redhead from Dublin, doesn't speak on commercials. She sings them.

That's not always strictly true, because she has a cigar commercial coming out soon on which she "la la's". But most times she sings.

Before singing advertisements, she was in a group called The Raindrops, and later made a hit record entitled *White Horses*. She was then called simply Jacky.

According to Jacky there's no difference singing about The Moon In June, and singing that catchy, commercial line: "It's all at your Co-op now."

In fact, she has sung her selling lines so well, that it looks like a song that was written to sell soup might even make the charts.

Jacky Lee, you see, is the girl who sings in that soup commercial, and viewers liked it so much they wrote in asking if there was a record of it.

There wasn't then but now there is. It is called *Everybody Needs A Little Loving*.

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD
WILLIAM SQUIRE
PATRICK MOWER
RUSSELL HUNTER in

Act of Kindness

BY MICHAEL WINDER

More than toy soldiers are involved in the war game Callan has to play. Heathcote Land shows fellow director Donovan Prescott compromising photographs taken in Moscow of Prescott and a girl.

Callan is instructed to prevent Land exposing Prescott who has been working as a courier to Iron Curtain countries for some years. Callan finds Land at the War Games Convention, a gathering of model soldier enthusiasts...

Donovan Prescott	Ray Smith
Heathcote Land	Anthony Nicholls
Callan	Edward Woodward
Hunter	William Squire
Cross	Patrick Mower
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Janice Land	Jacqueline Maude
Shop assistant	Peter Beton
Master Briggs	Mark Jay
Mrs. Briggs	Nicolette McKenzie
Hunter's secretary	Lisa Langdon

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER FRED PUSEY: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN: DIRECTOR MIKE VARDY

Thames Television Production

9.20 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD
WILLIAM SQUIRE
PATRICK MOWER
RUSSELL HUNTER in

Act of Kindness

BY MICHAEL WINDER

More than toy soldiers are involved in the war game Callan has to play.

Donovan Prescott	Ray Smith
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Callan	Edward Woodward
Hunter	William Squire
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STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER FRED PUSEY: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN: DIRECTOR MIKE VARDY

Thames Television Production

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD
WILLIAM SQUIRE
PATRICK MOWER
RUSSELL HUNTER in

A Village Called 'G'

BY JAMES MITCHELL

Hunter's secretary, Liz, is missing. Callan discovers Liz had a date with Cross the night before she disappeared: she had seemed worried and had talked about her childhood . . .
For Liz the sweetness of revenge turns sour.

Hunter	William Squire
Cross	Patrick Mower
Callan	Edward Woodward
Replacement secretary	Billie Hammerberg
Judd	Harry Towb
Arnold	George Innes
Archivist	Michael Hall
Liz	Lisa Langdon
Berman	Marne Maitland
Sabovski	Joseph Furst
Hotel clerk	Lewis Wilson
Lonely	Russell Hunter
The groper	Graham Crowden

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER STAN WOODWARD: DIRECTOR MIKE VARDY: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

TVT GEMINI CLUB CAR

CALLAN DRIVES A FAST BARGAIN

...but he chooses the Jag. for comfort

EDWARD WOODWARD drives a Mark 10 Jaguar. Not because he thinks it is a status Symbol, not even because he always wanted a Jag, but simply because he likes driving it. "I have found the car I now want to drive," is the way Woodward puts it.

He admits he dithered a little before going for the Jaguar. "Although I am as un-snobbish as the average person who says he is un-snobbish, I must confess I had fallen for the image of the Jag driver.

"You know, the one who wears a pork-pie hat and sheepskin jacket, rushes out and leaps into his car in the morning and drives it at full speed up and down the motorway all day—every day—and finally sells it at a fantastic loss with a clapped-out engine. You know?

"Well, he doesn't exist."

He's right, of course. A pork-pie hat and sheepskin jacket are about as necessary in a modern Jaguar as they are in a private suite at the Dorchester. Most Jaguar drivers, like Woodward, choose a Jaguar these days simply because it is a superb piece of motor engineering, and as comfortable as a car can be.

Woodward bought his Mark 10 second-hand a couple of months ago for £550. He says: "It was owned by a company director and chauffeur-driven all its life." It looks like it, too—it is both gleaming and immaculate. "It's the 1963 model, with all the bits—electrical windows, power steering, automatic transmission and everything."

The Woodward car stable in previous years has shown a definite bias towards Vauxhalls and the little Dutch Dafs. They had a Vauxhall 101, a Renault 1600, a Vauxhall 2000 station wagon—"Only a little smaller than the Jaguar inside, but a lot smaller outside"—and his wife now has a Daf 33.

"That's a fabulous car. I love driving it. I had to have a big car myself because I need the luggage space, to take trunks and so forth. But if the Daf were big enough, I think I would be a Daf driver for ever."

He gave a delighted chuckle. "There's a bit in the instruction book which says something like: 'When towing a trailer over 23ft. long in mountainous country . . .' Anyone who can put that in the book for a tiny car deserves to sell it."

Back to the Jaguar: "For sheer driving comfort, it's unbeatable. In a couple of years or so, I want to get a new one."

The assets of the larger car are obvious. In traffic, he says, it handles like a much smaller and more manoeuvrable car. The power steering, electrically operated windows and automatic transmission enchant him. Under the quiet and purposeful image Woodward presents to the world there lurks, one suspects, a secret lover of luxury.

But he is still a careful man. He plans his career with meticulous attention to detail. While Callan is appearing on screen Woodward will be playing Flamineo in *The White Devil* at the National Theatre, and starting a film.

He is delighted that his recent award of film and television Actor Of The Year was for performances as F. Scott Fitzgerald and 'a mad American film producer', as well as the classic Callan. "People in the street used to say, 'Hello, Mr. Callan.' Now at last they say: 'Hello, Mr. Woodward.' It's reassuring."

Care is also the secret of his driving.

"I'm a very careful driver. I'm not interested in seeing how fast I can get from one end of the motorway to the other. On the other hand, if I'm in a hurry to get somewhere, I want to get there, if you know what I mean.

"But I have this thing about my family. My family is dependent upon me, and I am constantly aware of it. This is what makes me a careful driver."

There was a moment of gloom as we mused on the fact that one can be a careful driver and still be involved in accidents by other people. "I think the high incidence of accidents really is more an incidence of things going wrong with cars. Our roads are so packed at the moment that anything can happen at any time."

And if it does, one has the impression that Edward Woodward wants as much car as possible between him and the accident.

But he can't help driving his Mark 10 with the serenity of the man who—as Callan—has read his own obituary and survived to add more chapters.

NEXT WEEK: A beautiful girl in a Triumph Herald looks for her Gemini "twin"

Mark 10 Jaguar

Size of engine: 3781 c.c.

Fuel consumption: Up to 18mpg.

Maximum speed: 120 mph.

Length: 16ft. 10in.

Width: 6ft. 4in.

Price (in 1963): £2,455.

Still in production as the Jaguar 420G.

Engine: now 4235 c.c.

Maximum speed: now 122 mph.

Fuel consumption, dimensions: as Mark 10.

1970 price for version with automatic transmission: £2,891 9s. 9d.

Features of the 1963 Mark 10 Jaguar—original price £2,455—include the 3781 c.c. engine, luxurious and roomy interior (with the added benefit of electrically operated windows), spacious boot (capacity—27 cu. ft.), power steering and well-equipped dashboard, all pictured here. Of course, there's the Jaguar emblem on the bonnet, too. Woodward's Mark 10 was a bargain at £550. As our colour pictures show, it's a credit to the care lavished on it by its previous owner's chauffeur

The indestructible Callan would approve of Edward Woodward's choice of car. As latest member of the exclusive *TV Times* Gemini Car Club, Woodward has found the car he wants to drive, a Jaguar Mark 10—speedy but safe; comfortable and roomy—and he's looking for a reader with the same make of car to be his motoring twin. Complete the coupon below—and you could be eligible to sport the Gemini Car Club Badge on your Jaguar

by Christopher Kenworthy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREDERICK ERSKINE

DO YOU OWN A JAGUAR MARK 10?

If you do—and if you would like to be considered as Edward Woodward's Gemini Club twin—fill in this coupon. Below are 12 basic reasons for buying a car. Choose the six which most appeal to you and number them from 1 to 6 in the squares provided to indicate the order of their importance in making your choice. Edward Woodward will select as his motoring twin the reader who most closely matches his own set of preferences.

- ☐ Driving position and visibility
- ☐ Steering and roadability
- ☐ Luggage capacity
- ☐ Resale value
- ☐ Passenger comfort
- ☐ Legibility of instruments
- ☐ Braking
- ☐ Performance and relative economy
- ☐ Heating and ventilation
- ☐ Engine accessibility
- ☐ Safety features
- ☐ General appearance and choice of colour and trims

YOUR NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

REGISTRATION No. .....

DATE REGISTERED .....

CHASSIS No. .....

ENGINE No. .....

Send this coupon to Gemini/Mark 10, *TV Times* 247 Tottenham Court Road London, W1P 0AU

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in Amos Green Must Live

BY RAY JENKINS

with William Squire
Patrick Mower
Russell Hunter

The body of a young coloured American is found in the river. Callan is told the American has been raising funds for coloured causes. An Ace of Spades book of matches is found on the body and, when Amos Green, a prospective Parliamentary candidate with strong anti-immigration views, is sent an identical present, Callan is called in to make sure Green, too, doesn't go for an unscheduled dip.

Playing the part of the politician is Corin Redgrave, probably the least publicised of the famous acting family.

Hunter	William Squire
Cross	Patrick Mower
Taxi driver	Frank Coda
Callan	Edward Woodward
Amos Green	Corin Redgrave
Casey	Stefan Kalipha
May Cosswood	Annette Crosbie
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Phillip Rowland	Lee Donald
Shop assistant	Elaine Garreau
Anna	Nina Baden Semper
Rutter	Al Garcia
Gray	Michael Quinto
Hunter's secretary	Lisa Langdon

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER PETER LE PAGE: DIRECTOR JAMES GODDARD: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

See page 12

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD
WILLIAM SQUIRE
PATRICK MOWER
RUSSELL HUNTER in

Act of Kindness

BY MICHAEL WINDER

More than toy soldiers are involved in the war game Callan has to play. Heathcote Land shows fellow director Donovan Prescott compromising photographs taken in Moscow of Prescott and a girl.

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STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN : DESIGNER FRED PUSEY : PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN : DIRECTOR MIKE VARDY

Thames Television Production

9.10 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in

God Help Your Friends

BY WILLIAM EMMS

with

WILLIAM SQUIRE
PATRICK MOWER
RUSSELL HUNTER

Beth Lampton is the sort of girl every spy would love. She is a Government interpreter and daddy is a general.

She is secretly engaged to a public relations man whom Hunter suspects of being a spy but, unknown to the couple, their engagement is not as secret as they think.

The omniscient Hunter has wind of it and decrees that the kissing has to stop. Callan gets the job of killing off the romance but, in this case, he finds a bunch of flowers is more lethal than his gun.

Callan	Edward Woodward
Hunter	William Squire
Cross	Patrick Mower
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Beth Lampton	Stephanie Beacham
Mark Tedder	Michael Jayston
Senor Andarez	Oliver Cotton
Jeanette Valden	Rachel Herbert
Mr. Robinson	Edward Harvey
Messenger	Clyde Pollitt
D.I.5 man	John Quarmby

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER NEVILLE GREEN: DIRECTOR PETER DUGUID: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in Breakout

BY JAMES MITCHELL

with William Squire
Patrick Mower
Russell Hunter

Alarm bells ring for an escaped prisoner; they should be ringing for Callan.

Mellor	Billy Cornelius
Lubin	Garfield Morgan
Policeman	Frank Mann
Hunter	William Squire
Cross	Patrick Mower
Liz, Hunter's secretary	Lisa Langdon
Bonnington	Robert Cartland
Callan	Edward Woodward
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Judge	Ernest Hare
Hughes	John Corvin
Chaplain	William Fox
Warders	Eric McCaine Derek Cox

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER NEVILLE GREEN: DIRECTOR/PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

Callan—9.0

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in

Amos Green Must Live

BY RAY JENKINS

with William Squire
Patrick Mower
Russel Hunter

Callan is called in to ensure the safety of Amos Green, a prospective Parliamentary candidate with strong anti-immigration views.

Hunter	William Squire
Cross	Patrick Mower
Taxi driver	Frank Coda
Callan	Edward Woodward
Amos Green	Corin Redgrave
Casey	Stefan Kalipha
May Coswood	Annette Crosbie
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Phillip Rowland	Lee Donald
Shop assistant	Elaine Garreau
Anna	Nina Baden-Semper
Rutter	Al Garcia
Gray	Michael Quinto
Hunter's secretary	Lisa Langdon

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER PETER LE PAGE: DIRECTOR JAMES GODDARD: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLEN

Thames Television Production

James Mitchell, novelist and thriller writer, created Callan, television's ruthless secret agent. What are the problems of writing for TV? Does Callan resemble his creator? By DENIS HART

THE LONELY MAN WHO MADE CALLAN

Photographs by Dmitri Kasterine

JAMES Mitchell was born in 1926 in South Shields at the heart of Tyneside, a world of heavy boots, cloth caps, knotted white scarves, and the dole. There were craft classes for the unemployed in a local hall where the atmosphere was companionable and where there were other boys for the child to play with, and there he and his father spent most of their day. James had a sister, but she was older by 14 years and out at work.

His father was an able man, a reader of 19th century fiction and books on labour relations and local government law, a shipyard fitter and shop steward, later organiser for the Amalgamated Engineering Union, councillor, alderman, and in 1947 South Shields' mayor. He would not wear a dinner jacket for the annual Civic Ball but his wife bought herself an evening dress.

Mrs Mitchell hoped that her introspective son would grow up to be a teacher in a grammar school. The boy won a scholarship to one when he was 11 and another from the grammar school to Oxford and afterwards had several jobs and two years of repertory acting before settling down to teach, but he had another talent. Today he is spoken of as the successor to Eric Ambler.

***CHARACTER** and author. The actor Edward Woodward created the part of TV killer Callan, and now, James Mitchell says, "I cannot see Callan's face apart from Woodward's." Callan's creator (below) surrounded by the apparatus of TV during a recording*

In 1958 he wrote his first novel, in 1960 his first television play, in 1964 his first spy thriller. In 1965 he gave up teaching and settled in London and there created for television an efficient, solitary, obsessively clean killer whom England took instantly to her romantic heart.

He called his killer Callan.

James Mitchell lives on the second floor of a smart Kensington block of flats. He opens the door of the flat himself and ushers me through a hall (two big modern paintings by a friend, Anthony Wishaw) into the sitting room. There are soft velvet armchairs and sofa and an amber glass table bearing big illustrated books. A colour television set stands with its back to the window, above it a Japanese portable television set, behind it a piece of modern abstract sculpture (by Jean Wishaw, wife of Anthony). He speaks quietly and fluently.

"Callan is an evocative name. It has an echo of killing in it, but it just came. For a somewhat solitary and introspective person, as I am, there is a release in violent adventure, and it canalises my romantic streak. I'm less solitary now than before I began to write. I find it easier to make friends. I have more than I used to." How many? "Perhaps a sawyer's handful." He recounts an anecdote of a sawyer who calls for five pints and when the barman doesn't hear the number shouts Five! and holds up what ought to be five fingers but only two of the five are left. "There's a kind of humour indigenous to the area of the North East I come from that's both witty and brutal. The wit up there fascinates me.

"I never doubted as a boy that my life would be spent up there, the sort of life I could see around me then. Think of a Dublin Georgian slum house laid on end. That was our street;

about as far away as one could get from a block of flats like this. It had a life rather like a beehive. The back door was only locked at night. It is easy to be sentimental about it, but the good thing was you couldn't get left in isolation. People constantly called on one another for help, and as my mother and father had the skills they were called on more than most."

A woman in a blue nylon coat comes into the sitting room. She has a cup and saucer in her hand. She asks Mitchell in a low voice if she may take "a cup of coffee for madam" from the pot we have. He says, of course; and he fills the cup for her and the woman leaves the room with it.

"Perhaps what I have in common with Callan is a certain quality of wit, a wryness. Almost nothing else, except that Callan is solitary, and I have given him my interest in military history. He is a planner, a man who is deft with machinery, and that is not me. I have a bad temper, but I'm not violent. I once knew a man who smashed a metal teapot with a poker because it had dribbled on a clean tablecloth. I envy that man. I wish I did things like that. I find it extremely hard to express emotion of any kind, yet I'm an emotional man. It may hark back to my childhood. We were all stoics up there. In the early Thirties we were fighting the economic war, and you had to be in training for it. But my stoicism has been eroding a little since I came to live in the warm, voluptuous South."

***AUTHOR** and assistant at home. Mitchell and wife Delia, who acts as secretary*

Is Callan an admirable man?

"I suppose I admire him for being what I'm not, a man of action. Introspection has no mysteries for me, action has. When I was first asked to write the play" – by the BBC, which commissioned it as a spy script for its *Detective* series and when it got it never produced it; Mitchell bought it back and sold it to Thames Television – "I hadn't the faintest idea what to write. But it must have been ready to be written, because I sat down and wrote it in three weeks off the top of my head, without any effort." The play was called *A Magnum for Schneider* and was broadcast on February 4, 1967. The response was immediate and whole-hearted. Callan, its hero, was promoted to hero of an immensely successful television series and last year Mitchell felt called upon to re-write the play as a novel. What are the qualities of the character that induced this result?

"I suppose just as everyone loves a lord, so everyone loves a loser, and although Callan is efficient he is always on the losing end. He has no overtones of Eton or Fettes. He has come up from the bottom. Because of his ordinariness the average man can identify with him, and lots do. And I think an awful lot of women would like to straighten him out. They find satisfaction in his attempts to commit himself to the decencies of life. Callan becomes involved with people, and sometimes because of it will even disobey a direct order to kill.

"His struggle for decency is exemplified in his struggle with Lonely" – a frightened petty criminal whom Callan meets first in jail. "He bullies Lonely, it's true, but he won't allow others to do so. He has even risked his life to protect Lonely. And behind Callan's ordinariness there's an extremely magnetic personality. At some point we all accept, because we must, that we are ordinary, but we hope the magnetism is there in us, too."

Callan is a killer, paid to kill. Killing is his job, the thing he is good at. Does a man willingly or easily identify with a killer?

"Killing is the ultimate gesture against organised society. The ultimate stance is to be alone with a gun, as Callan is. Callan is in an honourable tradition. You remember Chesterton's Don John of Austria: 'The last knight of Europe took his weapons from the war.' And Don John had the same rejected feeling about himself because he was a bastard. Callan feels it, although he is not illegitimate. David about to face Goliath is like Callan about to face the KGB. / *Continued on page 34*

***MITCHELL**, recently named TV writer of the year, strolling near his home*

Continued from page 31 / Or the Sheriff of Dodge City strapping on his guns about to arrest the James gang. Each of these is one of us but supernormal in terms of courage, endeavour, skill, each has about him the romantic appeal of the hero.

"People who saw the play loved Callan and the actor as Callan." Edward Woodward created the part and has played it ever since. "I recognised Woodward as Callan at once, and since then I've never been able to see Callan's face apart from Woodward's. The same is true to a lesser extent of Russell Hunter as Lonely. So you had some perfect casting. And Bill Bain, who directed the play, grasped its meaning instinctively." I hesitate to ask what its meaning is.

"I hesitate to answer. Meaning is the wrong word, possibly. Almost anything I say now will be a 'Pseuds' Corner' word. But there is a kind of savagery and despair and goodness in Callan, and Bill Bain saw it."

I arrive at his flat 20 minutes late because I began to read a proof copy of his new novel *The Winners* and found it hard to put it down. I sink again into the soft velvet sofa, telling him this, saying I can't wait to get back to the book to find out what happens, promising that next time we meet I shall let him know what does. The novel is set in South Shields.

"In many ways, South Shields is the biggest village in the world, even now. It's a great breeder of seafarers. The man next to you in the bus may have just come from Singapore. Almost always, if he leaves, he will come back. It is a place people go back to, and I go back regularly, three or four times a year. If I didn't, I wouldn't recognise myself."

His mother died seven years ago, his father 12 years ago, but his sister lives there. His first wife, from whom he was divorced in 1965, lives there with his two sons, whom he sees often.

"There are big reunions when I go back. I go to the key places, the sea coast, certain areas I know very well,

the Mill Dam, which is a sort of jetty looking out on the Tyne. For me, that is one of the most exciting views in the world, a view of big ships and dirty river, but there's much more to it than that. There's a lovely smell, too, of ships and seaweed, tar and cordage, and a little sewage to give it body.

"I also go back to Tyneside in my novels. For me, they fill a need. I observe the impact on the community of some group that is unusual or eccentric in terms of that community. The characters are amalgams of people I knew. One can find duplicates of them all over the area. My first novel was strongly autobiographical. Social comedy, I suppose, would describe it best. It took about a year to write and was the first thing I'd written since my schooldays. Suddenly it seemed important to me that I should write it, but I'm damned if I know why."

He wrote three novels in sequence. In 1960, Sidney Newman, then Head of Drama at ABC Television, telephoned out of the blue and asked him to write a television version of one of the three, *A Way Back*. Mitchell said it was a good idea but he did not know how to write a television play. Newman said they would teach him.

"He was an incredibly busy man, a brilliant, very likeable Canadian. I spent a whole weekend just talking to him about it. He introduced me to a couple of directors and writers, so that I got a feeling for the mechanics of the thing, and then he just let me go and do it. I called it *Flight From Treason*, and it was a play I was very happy with. Something new came into existence in me, a completely new technique for telling a story. A novelist finds it hard to make the change because television writing seems so ludicrously simple, in the sense of being without complications. Do you understand what I mean?"

No.

"I mean that when you look at a piece of writing for television, it *looks* as if it were innocent. And that is because, whereas a novelist has his own built-in actors, when you're writing for a visual medium you have to allow the actor to take over many of the functions of the novelist. You pare it down until you've got the quintessence of what you want to say. For example, in a recent Callan play James Cross says something not particularly intelligent. I gave Callan and Lonely four lines of comment on this fact. We took the lines out, and the comment is achieved simply by an exchange of ironic looks. The impact is more immediate, funnier, and truer."

On all sides one hears of the miseries of writing for television, of the frustrations and the compromises, but nothing yet of that sort from him.

"Well, I suppose I've been lucky. When you have a series of your own you're in a position of strength denied other writers. The picture becomes more rosy as you acquire more control. I work fairly easily as part of a team, but that is governed by the fact that I know I'm getting out, that I work as a novelist as well, and occasionally in films. That gives me a respite. There are times when, as a novelist, you long to be a member of a group, part of a creative team. Equally, the converse.

"Television's greatest frustration for a writer is compromise. You have to cope with a director, producer, story editor, set designer, actors, and quite possibly a special effects man, all of whom may feel that their interpretation is more valid than yours. This is where, if you don't watch it, the meeting can degenerate into a fifth form debate.

***AMID** the paraphernalia of the studio, James Mitchell helps bring Callan to life*

"VERY often in a series the lead actor, having played the part for, say, 30 hours of television, feels he must instinctively be right. I've had that experience many times." Mitchell has written episodes for well-known series other than Callan. "I've known an actor deliberately ad lib instead of using my lines simply because nothing could shake his conviction that he knew better than I did. The director, in one case I'm thinking of, minded this very much and asked me to re-write the lines in consultation, which I did, reluctantly. Then the actor ad libbed the re-writes. This happened in rehearsal, and it was stopped. Then he did it again on the tapes, when it was too late to do anything about it. It's a story any television writer will tell you. It happens many times. The most marvellous thing about the Callan series is that it has never happened with Teddy Woodward.

"A bad or miscast actor is another terrible frustration. You can recognise it in the first two or three days of rehearsal, but then it's too late to do anything about it, because the budget on a television play is so tight. But there aren't many bad actors among established actors. Miscasting is far more common than sheer badness. But a part may be outside an artist's range. I dare not give you examples.

"Sometimes, most often because of the budget, I've had my script end up wildly different from the original, but I've never had a case where the final script was unacceptable to me. Usually, with some goodwill, the result can be just as good in another way. The really enormous frustration about writing for television is that the play you've written has come and gone, Wham! And the tape is used again."

He writes steadily. With the help of his wife Delia, a former singer, born in Rangoon, educated in Darjeeling, met in London, and married four years ago, he deals with his correspondence over breakfast, then starts work around 10.30, usually taking a halfhour break for lunch and finishing at 6 or 6.30. He writes everything in longhand and an agency types it.

"I find that in the first instance I tend to see a novel like a movie at which people are constantly going out for Cokes or to go to the lavatory: in other words, I see some scenes and lose others. After that I see it sequence by sequence, and a sequence might be half a chapter long or three or four chapters. It helps to leave it for a while and do something else. I'm not keen to analyse the creative process, but maybe there is some cross-fertilisation. Obviously a great deal goes on in the subconscious. I write densely. My television plays tend to be overpacked rather than underpacked."

I ask, what writers does it please him to be compared to? He says Raymond Chandler, Eric Ambler, and the Graham Greene of the entertainments, and that he was told by Ambler's wife, whom he met in Hollywood at Easter, that Ambler is a fan of his, which pleased him enormously.

Mitchell was in Hollywood discussing the possibility of filming one of the spy thrillers he writes under the name James Munro. Since 1964 he has written four. He is now discussing with EMI, the parent of Thames Television, a Callan film starring Edward Woodward. He would like to write for the theatre, having last year by invitation written a Tyneside play for the Newcastle Festival.

The Screenwriters' Guild recently named him television writer of the year. I ask him if he is rich.

"May I put it this way? I've just paid my income tax. I rang up my accountant and asked if I could pay it and he said, 'We have adequate funds.'"

How long has he had adequate funds?

"Not terribly long. I haven't starved for a long time. But I've been earning the kind of money that keeps me in this sort of flat for about four years. The trouble is that in this business you make money very fast, but it's difficult to hedge off against the time when your earnings may depreciate."

Will Callan go on and on?

"On."

Will there be other novels about him?

"Yes, I want to write them very much."

Other writers have written episodes for the Callan television series. Are they as good as the ones Mitchell writes?

"What a question. Some have been, some not. But then, some of mine are not as good as others. You remember that story about Picasso?" And he tells me the story of Picasso painting a picture and years later coming across it again and denouncing it as a fake, and the owner protesting that Picasso had painted it, and Picasso saying, "I often paint fakes." T

CREATIVE SITUATIONS

TELEVISION is the infant of the communications media; and yet, as it exists today, it is aimed at everybody except the young, with its bias firmly towards middle-age. There are children's programmes, and there are programmes for mature adults, and between the two is nothing: a gap as brutal as surgery, that cuts out the teens and twenties until marriage and mortgage and hire purchase shackle the newly-weds in front of the set – to Hughie Green and Des O'Connor, *Coronation Street* and *Callan.*

It might be argued that pop music programmes such as *Top of the Pops* are aimed at the young, but they are few in number, and as often as not produced, directed, and even compered by middle-aged swingers breathless in the pursuit of their long since vanished youth. Surely this kind of programme above all others is the one in which young people should have the greatest possible involvement? It is, after all, the music of the young, and they should be allowed to make their own case for it whether the rest of us reject it or not.

The whole of television would seem to be somewhat ageing for an infant; the infant already has a bald spot, and a bit of a pot on it. Its attitudes are hardening even faster than its arteries, which is inevitable when you consider the people by whom it is served. Far too many of us have been in television from its post-war revival, and there is not nearly enough fresh, young talent coming in.

This does not, of course, apply to actors, who accept television as an essential part of their trade. The trouble is that – actors aside – there is far too little young creative talent coming into the medium, especially writing and directing talent, and those of us who are older and still working in the medium are all too aware of the fact: so we pretend. We must be the only business in existence where the grown-ups pretend to be children: where a 40-year-old writer is still labelled promising: where a 37-year-old director longing for a bowler hat and short back and sides settles for sandals and an Afghan coat. We *need* youth in the business, and we know it, but denied the substance we settle for the shadow: Limmits instead of a meal. We need it because we are aware of the dangers of complacency, of familiar ground gone over until it has been picked bare, of the comfortable illusion that what was good the first time will be even better the hundredth.

All too often the young do not even bother to look at the box, let alone work for it, and this is sad indeed. It has qualities of immediacy and mechanical ingenuity which could and should have great appeal to young people, and a core of mature writers, directors and producers anxious to work with them, to share the kind of craftsmanship that takes a sizeable portion of one's life to acquire.

We are anxious to share our craftsmanship because we are concerned with renewal, and because such sharing would create an atmosphere of cross-fertilisation that might lead to a renaissance of television entertainment. There have in the past been moments of impact on the small screen when one became aware at once that something enthrallingly *new* was happening: the early *Z Cars* for example, or *The Planemakers,* or an *Armchair Theatre* play by Clive Exton or Alun Owen. Nowadays there are long gaps between such moments, and the chances are that they will grow longer, for these moments are often the products of fresh minds that see a problem familiar to us all, and provide a new solution, and hence a new adventure in creativity.

Alas, not only do the fresh minds reject the medium; it is closing its doors on them. The always limited number of places for trainee directors is diminishing: in fact I know of only one directors' course still in existence. For trainee writers there is no provision at all, except the advice available from the Writers' Guild (from, in fact, the champions whose crowns they are after) or from the best kind of story editor.

The programme companies see youth as a gamble, and the time for gambling in television has long been over. Youth is a time of daring, after all, and daring presupposes failure, and the deafening click the companies fear is ten million sets switching over when a programme fails. To the companies, this is a valid argument, based solidly on finance; but to me it is far too oversimplified. Suppose, for example, in the 50 or so minutes of a series drama, there were ten minutes – or even five – that you would remember for months? Never mind whether it was by a newcomer or an old pro shocked out of atrophy by the challenge of youth. Would you have switched over then?

IF THE answer is yes, then there is no hope for us, but I cannot believe that it is. So often in the past the viewers responded favourably to a new and exciting programme that the company producing it was afraid of, simply because it was new, and therefore unpredictable. But viewers are not merely numbers to be measured out in TAM ratings. They are human beings. And one of the qualities of a human being is this same lack of predictability. It is also the very essence of drama. T

JAMES MITCHELL, 44, novelist, playwright and creator of Callan, the TV killer, is the subject of an article by Denis Hart on page 29.

3p

TV Times

FEB 26-MAR 3
London

EMERGENCY EDITION

9.0 New Series
Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in
That'll Be the Day
BY JAMES MITCHELL
with RUSSELL HUNTER
PATRICK MOWER
WILLIAM SQUIRE
GEOFFREY CHATER
and T. P. McKENNA

The king is dead. He must be – he threw his own ashes on the grave. Intriguing? But then every case is intriguing for Callan. Hunter, his boss, sees to that. In this new series he again moves Callan, pawn-like, into impossible situations. And with the smoothly uncompromising Cross ever-ready to laugh at his downfall, Callan again plays espionage chess.

Parson	Jonathan Newth
Hunter	William Squire
Previous Hunter	Ronald Radd
Bishop	Geoffrey Chater
Cross	Patrick Mower
Stafford	Paul Williamson
Liz	Lisa Langdon
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Milkman	John Joyce
Callan	Edward Woodward
Karsky	Julian Glover
Lebidev	Michael Godfrey
Prison guard	Terence Denville
Lonely's auntie	Queenie Watts
Richmond	T. P. McKenna
Snell	Clifford Rose

SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL: STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER TERRY PRITCHARD: DIRECTOR MIKE VARDY: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.0 Callan captured. Callan defiant. But one thing he will confess: "I'm the top man. The tough jobs . . . the nasty jobs . . . the dangerous jobs, I get them all." Michael Godfrey, Julian Glover, Edward Woodward tonight

12.0
What the Papers Say

Alan Coren, Deputy Editor of *Punch*, looks at the week's newspapers.

DIRECTOR RICHARD GUINEA: PRODUCER MALCOLM SOUTHAN

Granada Television Production

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Independent Television Publications Ltd., 1972

12.15 (approx.)
East Meets West

MADHAV SHARMA
PEGGY HOLROYDE

One of the most obvious differences between the people of the East and the people of the West is in their religious beliefs, and this is often the source of considerable misunderstanding. Madhav Sharma asks Mrs. Peggy Holroyde, author of *East Comes West*, how this can be avoided.

12.25 (approx.) Closedown

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in Call Me Sir!

BY BILL CRAIG

with RUSSELL HUNTER
PATRICK MOWER
WILLIAM SQUIRE
GEOFFREY CHATER

The Section puts Lonely in a red file – that means he's totally expendable. And someone is using him as bait for Callan . . .

Callan	Edward Woodward
Bishop	Geoffrey Chater
Stafford	Paul Williamson
Tramp	Alan Downer
Cross	Patrick Mower
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Flo Mayhew	Sarah Lawson
Hunter	William Squire
Trowbridge	Glynn Edwards
Liz	Lisa Langdon

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER STAN WOODWARD: DIRECTOR MIKE VARDY: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.0 **Is Myra selling information? Anthony Valentine takes a firm hand with Coral Atkins**

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in First Refusal

BY BILL CRAIG

with RUSSELL HUNTER
PATRICK MOWER
GEOFFREY CHATER
ANTHONY VALENTINE

A list of 10 British agents leads Callan into a double, double-cross situation.

Anton Bristac	Christopher Owen
Vopo Officer	Carl Bohun
Bishop	Geoffrey Chater
Callan	Edward Woodward
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Kitzlinger	Martin Wyldeck
Myra Kessler	Coral Atkins
Cross	Patrick Mower
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Liz	Lisa Langdon

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN : DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL : DIRECTOR JIM GODDARD : PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.0 Verna Harvey as a young Russian girl caught in a web of diplomatic intrigue

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in Rules of the Game

BY RAY JENKINS

with RUSSELL HUNTER
PATRICK MOWER
GEOFFREY CHATER

Callan, now acting as Hunter, is drawn into a grim game of tit-for-tat. But certain information is withheld from him . . .

Lonely	Russell Hunter
Hard-faced woman	Joan Ogden
Callan	Edward Woodward
Bishop	Geoffrey Chater
Alevtina	Virginia Stride
Medov	Mike Pratt
Danera	Verna Harvey
Cross	Patrick Mower
Liz	Lisa Langdon
Kane	Timothy Carlton
Vasyayev	Philip Brack
Neville Dennis	James Cossins
Matron	Sheelah Wilcocks

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER BERNARD SPENCER: DIRECTOR VOYTEK: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in
If He Can, So Could I

BY RAY JENKINS

**with RUSSELL HUNTER
PATRICK MOWER
GEOFFREY CHATER
and ANTHONY VALENTINE**

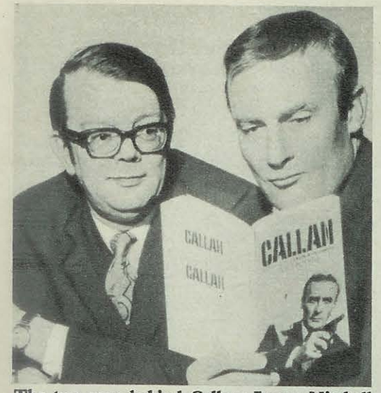
The instability of Cross becomes a grave problem, to which only he can provide an answer. But Cross' solution precisely concerns Callan's future.

The birth of Callan, pages 20-21

Snell	Clifford Rose
Callan	Edward Woodward
Cross	Patrick Mower
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Bishop	Geoffrey Chater
Vadim	Morris Perry
Cuthbertson	John Abineri
Foster	Andrew Burt
Sato	Alan Chuntz
Liz	Lisa Langdon
Trofimchuk	Peter Blythe
Karen	Vicky Williams
Harris	David Hargreaves
Lonely	Russell Hunter

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN : DESIGNER MIKE HALL : DIRECTOR PETER DUGUID : PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production



The two men behind Callan: James Mitchell the author and Edward Woodward the actor

THE CONTENTED SAINT WITH A KILLER'S GRACE

Was this the man who inspired the birth of Callan?

James Mitchell, born in South Shields, County Durham, in 1926, was brought up in what he describes as cheerful poverty. In 15 years as a writer he has produced 11 novels, three film scripts, and more than 30 television plays. His most famous character is Callan. Here, in the first of three articles which look at three men who left their mark on his life, he recalls the events behind Callan's birth

AS A YOUNG MAN I did a lot of travelling, mostly around the Mediterranean: Italy, France, Spain, North Africa. A lot of it was caused by simply running away – not so much from home, from my parents, as if I were 13 instead of 23, but from the place where I was born: from Tyneside, or more precisely from South Shields. I loved the town dearly, but I knew it would never let me go. If a break came, I would have to be the one who made it.

All the Geordies I have ever known have had this inexplicable love for the place they grew up in. Many of them travel vast distances from it, but most of them go back – to grime and harshness and a bitter north-east wind, but also to a matchless coast and a familiar dialect in the mouths of people they understand, who understand them.

In all love affairs, the beloved gives a lot – and demands a lot. It is often easier to escape from the demands and forgo the favours; so I travelled.

I took jobs as a travel courier from time to time, and they helped to pay for my journeys. Mostly they were dull routine, but they did have their excitements. I remember one nightmare trip on a Folkestone-Boulogne packet-boat, with 15 children of assorted nationalities. It was a very choppy crossing and death by drowning seemed awfully possible. I rounded them up every few minutes, like an untrained sheepdog, and counted them, just to be sure that all 15 were there. It was an experience that was to prove very useful when I took to schoolteaching . . . As it happened, I didn't lose a single child. I did worse. At the last count I had 16 kids.

When I couldn't be a courier I worked abroad as an English teacher. That was at a time when every unattached male in southern Europe had only one ambition in life – to be a waiter in a London restaurant until he had made enough money to go to New York and be a waiter there.

Finding pupils was easy. Finding pupils with the ability to pay was rather more of a problem. Pay immediately, that is – in later years those English lessons paid for themselves again and again. In scenery, for example: the great set pieces in Rome, Salamanca, Marrakesh; in love and hate seen through foreign eyes, and therefore observed more closely, analysed, retold in the mind; the very beginning of a writer's craft.

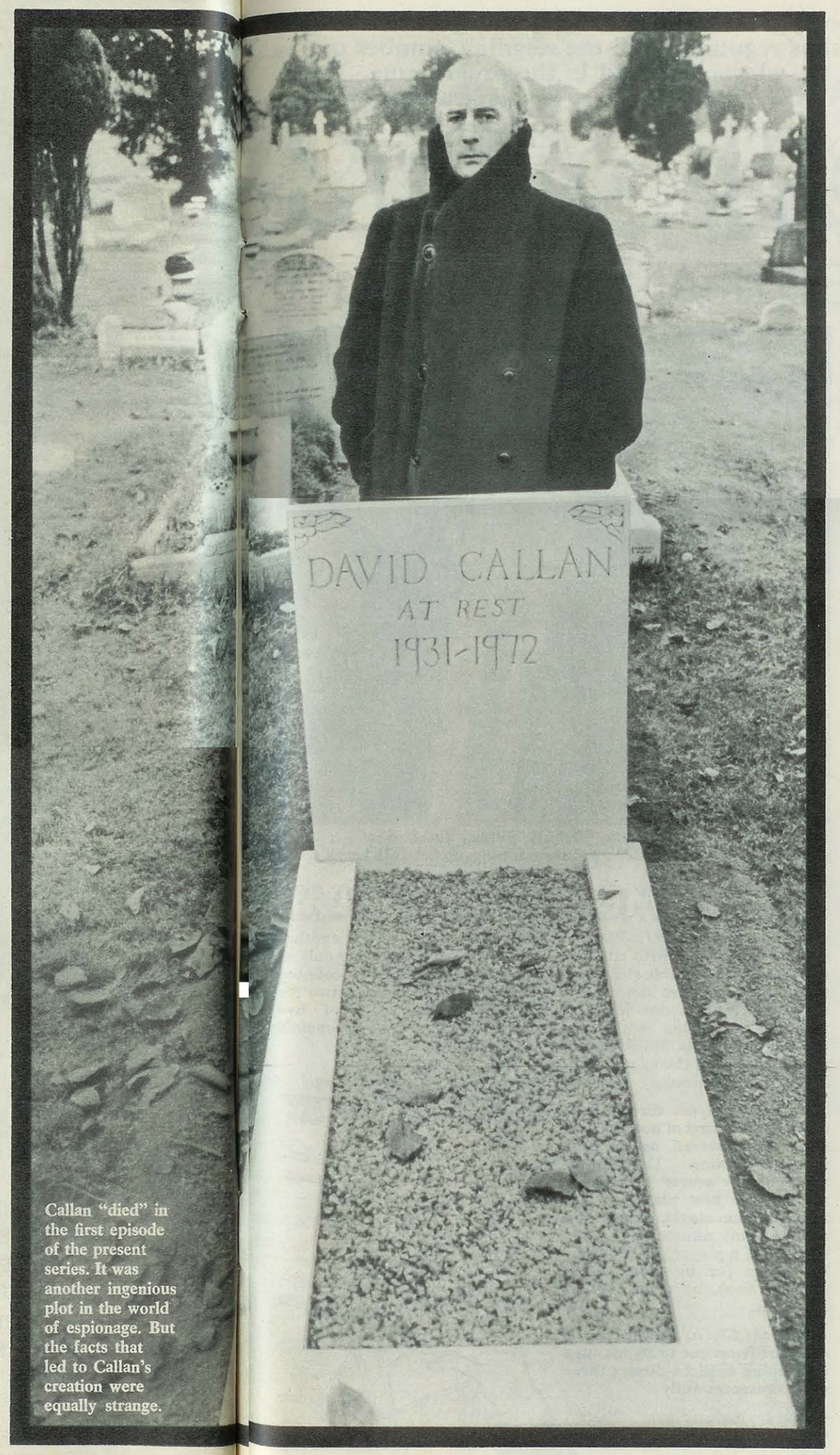
At the time, the lessons were enjoyable just for themselves. It was amusing to speculate which excuses you'd be offered for non-payment each week, and to mark down a new one as an astronomer marks down a new star. But even in the worst weeks, someone always paid. I always ate, and always learned something new. About spies for example . . .

I FIRST LEARNED about spies in Spain, in 1952, from a man called Paco. Perhaps it was then that I first wanted to write about spies, too; perhaps then Callan was born – but what makes me choose a subject is something I can never analyse, nor do I want to.

Paco was about 5ft. 8in. tall, 11 stone, and handsome in a very Spanish way. By that I mean that he had very masculine, regular features and walked like a torero. He had the same killer's grace. It was a feline thing; the body pared down to essential bone and muscle, and nothing left over. That is a very obvious thing to see in any man, and yet it was not the most obvious thing about Paco. He had something else.

It was his laughter you remembered. Laughter can mean so many things: cruelty, insolence, even boredom. But Paco's laughter always meant one thing only: a pure, spontaneous joy. It was the laughter of a contented saint. Not that Paco had much time for saints; saints were a woman's business. Not that he had much to laugh about, either, in my opinion.

By night he was a waiter in a decrepit bar in a dingy street. The job paid nothing but free drinks and the chance of an occasional tip. By day he worked as a builder's labourer – "Hotels, always hotels" – and in his free time he hustled; selling pencils, melons, ice-cream, loading trucks or acting as half of a two-man removal business. They didn't own a truck, a mule cart or even a barrow. What had to be moved, they carried, regardless of its shape, size or weight. Inevitably it was a slow service, but it was cheap. In a good week, a very good week, he made £5, which had to keep himself, a widowed sister, and her five kids. Somehow it did. And Paco was happy: he laughed all the time. He said it was for two reasons, both negative. He wasn't in the army, and he wasn't in prison. He knew a lot about armies and prisons; he'd spent most of his adult life in one or the other.



Callan "died" in the first episode of the present series. It was another ingenious plot in the world of espionage. But the facts that led to Callan's creation were equally strange.

When business in the bar was slack – which was most of the time – he'd sit and talk to me about what he'd seen, where he'd been – but not about his spying. At my age, with my background, I wasn't ready to bear the weight of that knowledge, and he knew it. He told me instead about the rest of his life, and he told me in Spanish, which I was still struggling to learn. It was a good discipline. If I didn't work at it, I missed the point of his stories, and they were too good to miss. I owe to Paco my ability to speak Spanish, and I'm grateful, even though to this day it tends to be a bit dodgy in mixed company.

Paco had fought in the Spanish Civil War on the Republican side. When they lost, he crossed the border into France, and was put straight into an internment camp. When our war came, and the Germans invaded France, he was sent to do forced labour alongside Russian prisoners of war, and when at last they were liberated by the Americans, Paco presented quite a problem to his liberators. Spain hadn't been in the war; he was neither an ally nor an enemy; so what were they going to do with him? They stuck to regulations. "All liberated peoples must be repatriated," the book said, so they sent him back to Spain, to the people he'd fought against for more than three years. They put him in prison: a year for every year he'd fought them. When he came out, incredibly, he was called up for National Service – in a penal battalion, army and prison combined. Two years of it at one new penny a day. Talk of America was the one thing I can remember that stopped Paco's laughter . . .

He spied, I learned later, against the régime in Spain. There was no doubt in his mind that the revolution would come, and when it did, everyone had to be ready, with weapons, training, information. And information meant spies like Paco. He had contacts everywhere, even in the police. They met him and talked, and a fact would be dropped into the gossip before they moved on.

His technique, I believe, was excellent. Perhaps there had been K.G.B. men among the Russians he did forced labour with.

Often enough, I discovered, he used me as a cover. Who would suspect two Spaniards chatting with an Englishman over a cup of wine? And he made sure that even I couldn't betray him. When Paco and his contact got down to business they spoke in a dialect so thick that even a Spaniard from another region couldn't have understood them.

If anybody ever had suspected him, and his cover had been blown, I'd have been in for a hard time. Not nearly as hard as his, but hard enough. I don't suppose the thought ever crossed his mind, but if it had the laughter would have continued. We liked each other well enough, but the revolution – that was *important*. Maybe his information was important, too, but I doubt it, except to himself. It made him a man of status; without it there would have been no laughter.

I only learned about what he had done after his death. After what he had been through and survived it was hard to believe that anything could kill him. But a drunk hit-and-run driver had managed it with ease. Paco had been selling ice-creams at the time, and the pink and white and lemon blobs lay around him like a wreath.

Hit and run? It was on his death certificate, but – maybe it's because of all the spy stories I've written – sometimes I wonder. Perhaps his information had been important after all.

NEXT WEEK: James Mitchell tells of his fearsome grandfather

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in
None of Your Business
BY TREVOR PRESTON
with RUSSELL HUNTER
WILLIAM SQUIRE
GEOFFREY CHATER
ANTHONY VALENTINE

How easy is it to get a false passport? Even Callan has difficulty, but when he solves the problem, he finds he has also broken a ring for getting enemy agents out of the country.

See feature page 12

Meres	Anthony Valentine
Bishop	Geoffrey Chater
Callan	Edward Woodward
Liz	Lisa Langdon
West	Peter Eyre
Stafford	Paul Williamson
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Hunter	William Squire
Stella	Wendy Hamilton
Reeves	Brian Murphy
Lucas	Tony Selby
Dorman	Donald Webster
Black	David Whitman

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER STAN WOODWARD: DIRECTOR VOYTEK: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

CALLAN—FACT OR FICTION?

WHAT IS the truth about *Callan*? Is he fact or fantasy? Does such a man—or such a team as Hunter, Ross and all—actually operate from within the pin-striped, bowler-hatted Civil Service community of Whitehall?

Despite David Callan, James Bond, Harry Palmer (*The Ipcress File*) and Alec Leamas (who came in from the cold)—and despite the Philby, Burgess, Maclean and Vassall affairs—it is still difficult to imagine such sinister activities going on beneath the urbane image of the Foreign Office and its Secretary of State, Sir Alec Douglas-Home.

Britain does, of course, have a Secret Service. But does it employ men like Callan?

Miles Copeland says "No"—and he should know. He's a former agent of the United States' Central Intelligence Agency (C.I.A.) whose work in the Middle East brought him into close contact with British intelligence agents—and made him a personal friend of the late Egyptian President, Gamal Abdel Nasser, whom he featured in a book on diplomatic intrigue called *The Game of Nations*.

Callan and a unit like him—with Hunter and killers—"could not exist in any intelligence service," he says. "It would not be tolerated, nor would some of the things that Callan gets up to. Also, the situations that he confronts each week would not happen to a real agent over a space of five years.

"No secret service would draw its men from prison or the criminal world. The best killers would be the ones who are not psychopathic killers—just as the best liars are not people who habitually lie. A killer, for instance, would probably be an utter coward if told to kill for his country.

"Also, Callan is English—and British intelligence groups do not use British agents for Callan's sort of espionage. They would use foreigners, like Egyptians perhaps. On the other hand, the Russians would use British nationals for an operation in Britain—as in the case of Philby, Burgess and Maclean."

Copeland makes another important point: agents like Callan are now a Cold War anachronism. Spy satellites and electronic eavesdropping have made them redundant. They are frequently unreliable—likely to work for both sides. They can be dishonest—making up "intelligence" to justify their jobs. "And they are now gradually being considered a complete waste of money."

But Callan is no phoney, says Copeland. "From the fictional point of view, the characterisation is excellent, and the programme is easily the best thing on television."

What do the *Callan* people themselves think of this? Producer Reginald Collin, replying to Miles Copeland's comments, gives the whole crux of the problem of portraying an entirely authentic secret agent: "The activities of any secret service are, for obvious security reasons, *secret*. And, while Callan's role cannot be fully proved, it also cannot be disproved.

"One newspaper critic has paid us the backhanded compliment of accusing *Callan* of taking itself too seriously. But, in fact, we *are* serious about *Callan*, and we are trying to be as authentic as possible about something for whose authenticity nobody can really vouch."

Collin disputes Copeland's claim that Hunter's unit just does not exist. "It would appear that organisations like this are used in certain other countries, and therefore it's difficult to think that we British would be loath to involve ourselves in the same shady business.

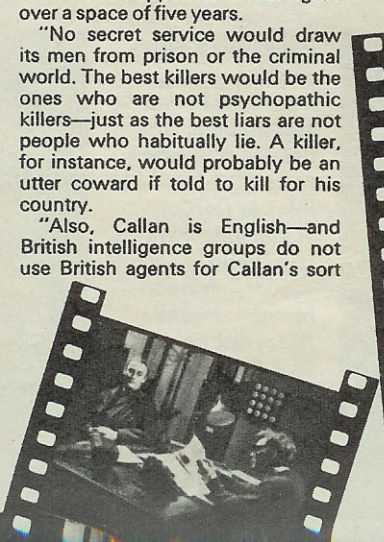
"It seems reasonable to us that they would use a Briton. We've always laughed at the Carruthers type who is told: 'Remember, old chap, if you get into trouble we won't be able to stand by you'. But, while he is a caricature, is it likely that there's no Briton prepared to do the sort of dirty job that's always done with the highest motive in mind—national security, for instance?

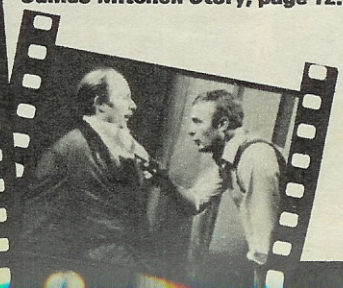
"All secret service villains see themselves as 'goodies' from their end of the telescope. Callan always questions his assignments and basically loathes killing—but he's prepared to do it for something he believes in. And Snell, Hunter's medical expert, is willing to break a man's mentality in interrogation for the good of his country.

"Callan and the others are not sadistic — the Russian roulette sequence involving Cross and Lonely, in the first episode of the new series, is about as far as that sort of thing goes.

"Another point to bear in mind is that a foreigner employed by British intelligence is less likely to be loyal to his job and his superiors. However, Mr. Copeland's comment on this has already been acknowledged in the new series, with the admission by Soviet security people that the man they used to try to kill Callan was 'not one of ours'—in other words, he was not a Russian."

For more about the creator of *Callan*, see Part Two of The James Mitchell Story, page 12.





THE JAMES MITCHELL STORY—PART TWO

THAT FEARSOME MAN WHO TAUGHT ME WHAT TO WRITE

James Mitchell remembers his grandfather as a violent drunken gambler, oblivious to family obligation. And yet Mitchell, creator of *Callan*, is eternally grateful to him — "because he taught me a lot about conflict." Here, Mitchell (shown right, aged three) presents a picture of South Shields during the depressed Twenties (see below): barefoot boys, dole queues, dejection — and, for him, inspiration

I TOOK TO WRITING very late in life. In the jargon of my schoolmaster days, I'm what is known as a late developer. Even the idea of writing fiction didn't occur to me till I was over 30.

Before that, I had been many things, and failed at most of them—or perhaps failed is too romantic a word. I'd let most things slide out of boredom, and turn to the next out of necessity . . . It requires no creative ability to realise that if you don't earn, you don't eat. And so, by the time I was 30, I'd been a shipyard worker, an actor, an undergraduate, a barman, a travel courier; even, briefly, an officer cadet. (So much better, my mother thought, to command than to obey. Alas, how soon my status dwindled, though I was never very good at obedience.)

When I started to write, I was back in my birthplace, South Shields, on Tyneside, working at a job that seemed both permanent and satisfying. I was a schoolmaster, and a quite contented one, living in a town from which most of my other jobs had been an attempt to break away. Maybe that's why I saved the best till last . . .

South Shields is a heavy industrial town. While I was growing up there, its major industries were mining, shipbuilding, ship repairing and seafaring. Now, nearly all the pits are closed, and ship repairing is ailing. Now, as in the year that I was born, the town is a depressed area. (I don't know what the current jargon is. Maybe it's a "special" area. Maybe it's "intermediate". It's a place where you can't get a job, and to call that depressing is the sort of unconscious irony that only politicians can achieve.)

My father worked in the shipyards, and later, for the union. He was a short, stocky man with a fine brain and an enormous amount of dedication. My earliest memories are of strikes, lock-outs, and election nights. In those days, politics was a serious business, and elections, even local elections, led to quite promising punch-ups.

To me it seemed that my background was the reverse of literary. Recollections of dole queues and the Means Test are commonplace now in the memoirs of the successful middle-aged, but they happened all the same, and brought misery with them. You didn't think about literature—and yet all the raw material was there.

The scenes, for instance. Brass band marches, mass meetings, with speeches as bitter as booze, and as intoxicating. More than 30 years later, I was to remember it all in my novel *The Winners*. For conflict I had the class struggle, the never-ending battle between *us* and *them*, and the characters were all around me. People like my father, who one day took an axe to a house door to admit an old woman who had been unfairly locked out by her landlord. I don't remember it as surprising, but, by God, it was splendid. The people were there, all right, which was fortunate for me.

You see, a writer's raw material is people; all the people he has ever met, first remembered, then half-forgotten, until at last they linger only in his dreams and inspiration, waiting to be put to work.

There, they are broken up into usable fragments—a glance, a trick of speech, a way of facing, or avoiding, a problem—then assembled all unconsciously into a new person, a character in a book, a play or a film, like so many pieces of Meccano. And Meccano-like, they can be taken to pieces and used again. Last week a bridge, tomorrow a lorry; last week a lawyer, tomorrow a spy.

But some of them refuse to be broken. They survive the passage of time, the failure of memory, to stay obstinately complete — like my father's father. He was the one who taught me the first essential of a writer's craft: conflict, for without conflict there is no drama, however skilfully the characters are created. The writer must first create people you believe in, then he must make you care what happens to them. Will Harry succeed in his struggle — and make us laugh at his success? Will Angela fail in hers — and make us weep?

My grandfather taught me about conflict by making me aware of it in myself. I feared him almost as much as I longed for his company, and my fear of him was the most terrible fear I have ever known.

He was a tall man, handsome and immensely strong. One of my father's earliest memories was of him throwing three Scandinavian sailors out, single-handed, from a pub he ran, tossing them effortlessly into the street. Yet he showed a certain care. The men were drunk.

Drunkenness was common enough in South Shields at the time, and so was violence. It was a dirty, aggressive, and often cruel town, a town of pits and shipyards; hard work in hard conditions. The men there put in long hours at labour and that was a kind of fighting, and came home dirty. Except my grandfather. Work, he considered, was degrading, and he refused to let himself be degraded.

It was a principle he stuck to all his life — perhaps the only one. I don't count his management of the pub. That he considered simply a licence to drink beer without paying. The brewery agreed with him, and he was fired in six months.

The rest of his adult life he devoted to drinking and gambling, at which he usually showed a profit. There is a legend in the family that he set off one morning on foot, and reappeared a week later with a pony and trap, and a brand-new bowler hat full of money. Both he and the pony were drunk. He had won the turn-out in a card game, but when he was sober, he had no idea where . . .

He either despised or detested people, and yet they always came to him, as I did. I think this was partly because he was a victor. In a world of work, he alone was idle, and living well on it. But it was also because of his charm. Careless, selfish, drunken, cruel: every sin was forgiven him, because of that charm.

The tenderness in his life was squandered on animals: the pony, dogs, rabbits, a monkey that smoked cigarettes and drank whisky out of a thimble, and ducks.

It is the ducks that I remember best. They lived in hutches in the back yard, and every Friday he would stop up the drain, turn on the outside tap, and flood the yard. Those ducks knew Friday as well as the neighbours knew pay day. Throughout the afternoon the excitement mounted; by teatime it was intense. When the tap was turned on the thudding of their wings was like applause. At last he would open the hutches and in they would go, transformed at once from clowns to harlequins, elegant, graceful, joyous while it lasted, till the drain was unplugged, and their dignity drained away with the water.

He was a terrible man, I know, violent in his rages, oblivious to family obligation; but he was feared and he was admired, and his charm always worked.

My grandfather taught me a lot about conflict, and I'm grateful. It's come in very useful.

NEXT WEEK: The rich memory of Mr. Hakagawa.

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in
Charlie Says It's Goodbye

BY JAMES MITCHELL

with RUSSELL HUNTER
WILLIAM SQUIRE

Callan is as serious about his work as he is about falling in love. Unfortunately, these two pluses produce a negative result. **James Mitchell – page 12**

Liz	Lisa Langdon
Callan	Edward Woodward
Hunter	William Squire
James Palliser	Dennis Price
Susan Morris	Beth Harris
Trent	Richard Morant
Komorowski	John G. Heller
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Shop assistant	Alison Hughes

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN : DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL : DIRECTOR PETER DUGUID : PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

CONCLUDING: THE JAMES MITCHELL STORY

I FIND A VICTIM ON A TRAIN

A writer's stock-in-trade is his memory – a ragbag of places and people from the past, selected with an artist's eye and tucked away, one day to be dusted off and stitched into an imaginative work of art. For James Mitchell, creator of *Callan*, the ragbag is the reward of years of restlessness and adventure – and an eye for people like sad Mr. Hakagawa from Japan . . .

Character and creator: Lonely (Russell Hunter) with James Mitchell

WRITING IS A solitary business. On most working days a writer sits pounding a typewriter or pushing a pen, and that is all. Anybody else would find such a way of life unbelievably dull – but not a writer. Sometimes he loves it, quite often he hates it, but it is far too important to be dull. If it ever becomes so, he stops.

It's a very satisfying way of life, but not a glamorous one – though many seem to think it is. At parties, for example, other guests say: "It must be marvellous to be a writer and know all about people." But I'm a writer, not a psychoanalyst: I don't understand people, I portray them, and I don't rely on textbooks. I rely on inspiration and my memories, and the day they won't work for me I'm out of a job.

The memories come straight from the unconscious mind. They include incidents and people that are almost completely forgotten. But they live on in the unconscious, broken down into component parts, waiting to be assembled and used, then sent back till the next time.

To do it, you sit in a room and write. The glamour is over. The restlessness is finished, because restlessness is a kind of search, and long ago I found what I was looking for. I'm middle-aged now, and sedentary; the idea of being a travel-courier or a barman, so that I could move around and meet new people, has lost its appeal.

And it's marvellous. That's the wonderful, amazing part about it. The room, the desk, the pen travelling over the paper – these, to me, are fulfilment. These are what the travelling and the people I enjoyed so much were for. People and places are the invested capital which will keep me, I hope, until my writing dies. In those, at least, I've stored up a lot of riches. Now is the time to spend my capital.

I'm glad, for example, that I met Mr. Hakagawa. It must have been six or seven years ago, but I was already a writer, with a body of work achieved, and that, I think, helped me to see him as he really was.

My first impression was that he was simply a comic eccentric, and although eccentrics fascinate me because they refuse to conform to any pattern except their own, they are usually impossible as main characters in a work of the imagination.

That first impression was accurate enough, but it didn't record the whole man. To see him as he really was I've had to wait until this moment, when I've come to write about him.

I met him on a train from London to Newcastle. A television company had demanded my presence, so I was travelling first-class. So was Mr. Hakagawa. We had centre seats, and were flanked by middle-aged men and women, who were in agonies of embarrassment when I entered.

At first I thought it was me. But Mr. Hakagawa stood up as I sat, and I thought he was going to bow. Maybe it was something the Japanese did in first-class compartments. I began to feel embarrassed myself. Suppose he expected *me* to bow? I needn't have worried – not about that, at any rate. Mr. Hakagawa had stood up to lift a briefcase off the rack. He took out a bottle of Scotch and two paper cups, poured two large ones, replaced the bottle and put the briefcase back on the rack. He then offered me a Scotch, and I realised the cause of the embarrassment wasn't me at all. It was him.

The others, I knew at once, had also been offered Scotch and had refused – it was 10 o'clock in the morning, after all. But I have my own views on politeness, and Scotch is Scotch. I drank it. So did Mr. Hakagawa. He then got up and went through the whole sequence again. During the third drink he began to talk, and I realised, with some surprise, that I could understand Japanese. Every word made sense.

The third Scotch was enormous, and it was only after I had finished it and he had talked for some minutes that it dawned on me that Mr. Hakagawa was really speaking English, an English so weird that it sounded like Japanese. On the other hand, it took *him* at least another two Scotches to cope with my Geordie accent.

We got on beautifully. I even sorted out his problem about lunch on trains. Mr. Hakagawa told me that in the brief time he'd been in Britain he'd travelled thousands of miles by train, and never once had he managed to get lunch, dinner, or breakfast. He had a bunch of unused meal tickets to prove it.

He considered us a mysterious, even inscrutable, people. What was the point of promising meals if we had no intention of supplying them? I told him that they were available in the dining car. In Japan, it seems, there is no dining car. The train staff bring the food to you. Mr. Hakagawa's gratitude was so intense that he opened the bar again.

At lunch we drank wine, and this was another wonder. To Mr. Hakagawa, wine was always made from rice. Wine from grapes was a far from accurate imitation, but not to be despised.

I got out at Newcastle, leaving him convinced that the Flying Scotsman would take him to Dundee. I hoped the railway official to whom he would tell his troubles would have drunk plenty of Scotch.

In the old days, before I became a writer, I would have assessed Mr. Hakagawa as a comic eccentric, and left it at that. I would have been wrong. He was a sad man. The sadness is the first thing I remember.

Think about him as I've described him: an obvious foreigner, completely on his own in a land he found very strange; a man with a language problem, and a woefully weak head for Scotch, considering how much he drank; a man who was, at least potentially, a victim. Perhaps one day he will be a main character after all. At least he knew how to get a first-class compartment to himself. When we came back from lunch, the middle-class English had fled.

It was hard to leave Mr. Hakagawa, and for some reason impossible to make him understand that the Flying Scotsman never went to Dundee. When we parted, he gave me a present: a sketch of the Round Pond at Hampstead, in London, drawn by himself. People think it's a Japanese landscape.

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in
I Never Wanted the Job

BY JOHN KERSHAW

with RUSSELL HUNTER
WILLIAM SQUIRE
ANTHONY VALENTINE

After he has witnessed a murder, Lonely is wanted by police and killers. Can Callan save him from *both* sides of the law? **See page 14**

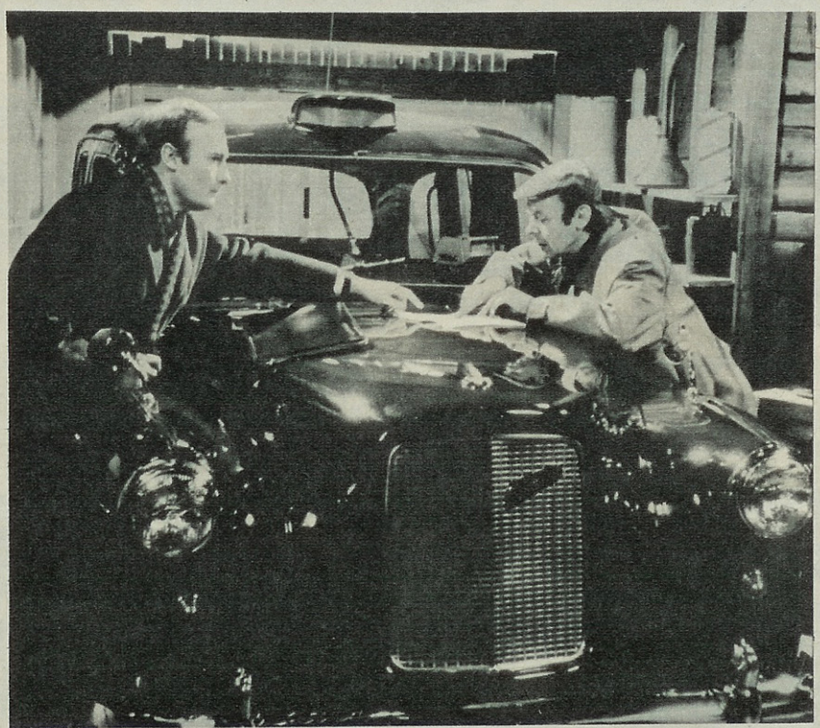
Steve	Paul Angelis
Sunshine	Michael Deacon
Tina	Cleo Sylvestre
Dollar	Val Musetti
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Fred	Robert Grange
Harold	John Levene
Callan	Edward Woodward
Hunter	William Squire
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Albert	Ron Pember
Det. Sgt.	Frank Coda
Det. Con.	Frank Jarvis
Abbott	William Marlowe
Driver	Peter Hutchins

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER PETER LE PAGE: DIRECTOR JIM GODDARD: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

LONELY AND THE CABBY WHOSE FARE FORGOT HIS WIFE

by HARRY ANDERSON: talking to Cordell Marks



In this week's *Callan* episode, *I Never Wanted the Job,* Lonely is again driving a taxi – though protesting to Callan (above). In real life, Harry Anderson, 67, has been a taxi-driver for more than 40 years. He wouldn't have any other job

WHEN you've been on the road as long as I have, stuck in a cab, you're bound to have a few stories to tell.

I started driving after World War One, when you had to take a separate test for each different vehicle you used. I passed on a Beardmore, Panhard, Citroen, Morris, all sorts.

'Course it wasn't like it is today. The public's taxi-minded now. All sorts use cabs – some I wouldn't stop for.

When I started, you had to chase jobs. I'd often work round London's Mayfair and Kensington and if I couldn't get a fare I'd go into the City looking for a stockbroker – a "top Johnny."

When I drive by these places today it's pure and simple nostalgia. All changed, though. Standards have gone down badly.

Look at Piccadilly. Not worth twopence. The layabouts there give a very bad impression.

Everything's got very *ordinary*. One of the most famous restaurants in the world is the Café Royal in Piccadilly. You and me we could walk in there right now. Once it was just for your tip top aristocracy.

We used to drive what we called The Upper 10 – those who get up after 10 every morning. They were the backbone of the cab trade.

We worked hard, but some of these youngsters today they don't stop. They want houses, holidays in Spain, they don't sleep. I don't begrudge them. Getting their licence doesn't come easy and when they've got it they want to make the most of it, but they haven't nice healthy complexions like me. I've worked hard but I've kept my health which, as you must agree, is the main thing.

Naturally we had our regular fares and you'd get to know their eccentric ways. There was a gentleman (married to a well-known actress and related to a Lord, though I'd better not say which one) who never paid cabbies in the normal way. You'd set him down at his home, he'd go in the house, and a little later he'd drop the money out of a top window. There was one cabby, The Barrister, who said if he ever got him he'd have him. And sure enough he had the gentleman as a fare, took him home, and the money was dropped out the window. But The Barrister just stood there, and he stood there till morning with the clock ticking up. And that gent finally had to pay the full amount in the proper way.

They've all been in my cab: the Duke of Windsor (more than once), Charlie Chaplin, Jimmy Durante, who gave me the shock of my life because his nose was nowhere as big as they said it was, Jack Buchanan, who was a gentleman . . . I could go on for ever.

And there's another story I can tell you. There was a madman knocking about London with a lump of iron, and for some reason he'd taken a dislike to cabbies and was hitting them with this iron. I'm going along Canning Town when I see him in the middle of the road complete with iron bar. I thought, right there's only one thing – run him down. I went straight for him and I'd nearly hit him when at the last second I saw it was a bloke from the Metropolitan Waterboard.

All cabbies get courting couples of course. I don't now because I don't do nights. I used to. I didn't know what daylight looked like.

The couples we'd call cocks and hens. The man would say: "Cabby, just drive us anywhere." I'd usually go round Hyde Park. I went round 12 times one night. Looked back in the cab to see what was happening, and whatever it was had happened because they were both asleep.

One of the funniest stories that ever happened to me concerned a "couple," in a way. I got a 1a.m. order from the Café Royal and there was a gentleman, who'd been on the bottle and who wanted to go to Chingford in Essex. So off we went. I got him home, he invited me in, in his blurred way, and offered me a drink. I like a Scotch so in I went. I remember his home very well because it had a cocktail cabinet and that was the first time I'd seen one.

We had a few Scotches and then he went off to the bathroom. He was gone for about an hour and a half and I didn't like walking round a strange house so I had another Scotch and waited.

He was sober when he finally appeared. "Who the hell are you?" he said. "I'm your cabby, Guv," I said. "Brought you from London."

And with that he apologised. "I hope my wife's been looking after you," he said.

"No wife," I said, and then he went mad. I thought he was going to have a fit. I'll never forget it. It still makes me laugh. He'd left his wife at the Café Royal.

We drove all the way back and when husband and wife met, the row had to be seen to be believed. It was all patched up in the end and, you know, every year after that they sent me a Christmas card.

One of the first lessons I learned as a cabby was that you shouldn't be in too much of a rush. Always know what's going on. On the early cabs the mechanics had to lift up the floorboards to fill the batteries. And there was one cabby, the Hurry-Up Kid, who never had time to check anything in his cab. Never had time to say: "Good morning."

One morning he rushed out of the garage and the first fare was an old lady. Well, you can imagine what happened. There's a shout and there is the old lady, with her feet through the floorboards, trying to run fast enough to keep up with the speed of the cab. You shouldn't laugh, but you can't help it. That was a lesson to the Hurry-Up Kid, though. He always checked his cab after that. You've got to.

I don't think, really, when you come down to it, I'd have done anything but be a cabby. You meet a lot of people . . .

Harry Anderson: "They've all been in my cab . . . the Duke of Windsor, Charlie Chaplin . . ."

Callan has trouble getting a passport tonight, but the series could be a passport of sorts for Edward Woodward. In September, Callan is to be made into a movie, with Woodward in the title role, and it could mean the beginning of a big star career in the cinema. Irving Allen, the film's producer, says: "He has something of Alan Ladd in him. He's more than that: he's Ladd and all the other greats packed into one." But that doesn't help Callan with his immediate problem, for the passport he wants is more difficult to obtain than a film contract – and could lead to a premature demise . . .

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in

The Carrier

BY PETER HILL

with RUSSELL HUNTER WILLIAM SQUIRE and ANTHONY VALENTINE

When Callan finds himself once again out in the cold, he seeks a warmer climate.

But he discovers that going abroad is sometimes easier for the other side – until he works out their secret!

Callan	Edward Woodward
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Peter Rose	Peter Copley
Hunter	William Squire
Liz, Hunter's sec.	Lisa Langdon
Meres	Anthony Valentine
P.C. Ballantine	Terry Wright
Sir Charles Braden	Jeffrey Segal
Det.-Insp. Vanstone	Michael Turner
Chief Supt. Brown	Windsor Davies
Tamaresh	Ralph Nossek
Immigration officer	Brian Vaughan
Mary	Jean Rogers
Allan	Roy Herrick
Chauffeur	Marc Boyle
M.P. voice	Jay Neill

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER NEVILLE GREEN: DIRECTOR JONATHAN ALWYN: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

Charming but ruthlessly dedicated, Kristina is a woman marked down for death in Callan. Jane Lapotaire, who plays Kristina, was also marked down some time ago, but for a much happier future. Callan producer Reginald Collin saw her in an Old Vic production with Edward Woodward and decided she had just the talent for the series. So when the role of Kristina came up she was first choice.

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in The Contract

BY BILL CRAIG

with RUSSELL HUNTER
WILLIAM SQUIRE
ANTHONY VALENTINE

To stop an assassination plot, Callan poses as a hired gunman, knowing that the real assassin is close at hand.

Maj. Harcourt	Robert Urquhart
Callan	Edward Woodward
Vera	Bernadette Milnes
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Lafarge	Michael Pennington
Stepan	Hugh Morton
Kristina	Jane Lapotaire
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Hunter	William Squire

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER NEVILLE GREEN: DIRECTOR/PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.0

The girl, the secret agent, and the hired killer's stock-in-trade, a rifle with telescopic sights ... All three have a date with destiny in a Soho restaurant. Jane Lapotaire and Edward Woodward in The Contract

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in
Call Me Enemy

BY GEORGE MARKSTEIN

with RUSSELL HUNTER
WILLIAM SQUIRE
GEOFFREY CHATER
ANTHONY VALENTINE
and guest T. P. McKENNA

The two top agents of the East and West – perhaps of the world – come face to face. And, like a game of chess, each move is considered and thought out . . . **A boat I couldn't afford – pages 22 and 23.**

Callan	Edward Woodward
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Richmond	T. P. McKenna
Hunter	William Squire
Liz	Lisa Langdon
Engineer	Charles Rea
Jarrow	Brian Croucher
Stafford	Paul Williamson
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Bishop	Geoffrey Chater

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER DAVID MARSHALL: DIRECTOR BILL BAIN: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.0 **What did you call me? McKenna and Woodward – East v. West in a deadly game**

TURNING POINT

We all have turning points in our lives. A time, a day when a decision is made or something occurs which changes our entire course of direction through life. Here Edward Woodward, dual-award winner in the *TVTimes* Top Ten poll for 1971—as best actor on television, and for his portrayal of Callan, as the most compulsive male character-looks back to his

£5 DOWN... FOR A BOAT I COULDN'T AFFORD

EDWARD WOODWARD talking to KEN ROCHE

WELL, IT WASN'T Callan; although Callan has enhanced my career more than any single thing. No, the real turning point was a decision I made when I was sitting, miserable and depressed, on a clapped-out old cabin cruiser in the middle of the Thames just by Teddington Lock – not far from the riverside studios where, years later, I was to make *Callan*.

That decision led to my appearance in the West End production of *Rattle of a Simple Man*, and that play was to make me, at 32, a "name" in the public's eye.

Rattle was sent to me with a view to doing it at Richmond Rep. I know for a fact that it had been offered to a lot of other people before me. But for one reason or another it was turned down by them.

I was going through a pretty awful time. I'd been out of work for six or seven months and I was at a very low ebb indeed.

Secret agent turned singer . . . After the success of *Callan*, The Edward Woodward spectaculars

The plan was to put *Rattle* on at Richmond for a fortnight and see what happened.

At this point director Donald McWhinnie came into the picture.

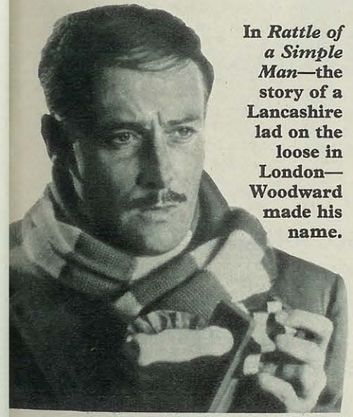
When we opened he was in America directing, but an associate of his was in the audience and after the show she wired him. Her advice was: "Take *Rattle of a Simple Man* into a London theatre."

After two weeks the play had been signed up to go into London's West End – and with me in the starring role, too.

What a wonderful contract to have. A starring part, the right time (I hoped) – a fantastic meaty part that was so right for me.

Then came the snag that nearly knocked the entire bottom out of it. I was to spend nearly the next year out of work . . .

They couldn't put the play on because their plays were stacked up like waiting airplanes at a busy airport. Of course it *would* go on, eventually. If I lasted long enough. In fact, the only thing that made me realise it was for real and not some fantasy were the scores of times I had to go to London to audition for all the other people who were auditioning for the female lead. (Sheila Hancock was one – the one to do it in the end.)



In *Rattle of a Simple Man*—the story of a Lancashire lad on the loose in London—Woodward made his name.

So here I was in this ridiculous situation. I'd meet friends in town and they'd congratulate me on getting the part and so on. And I was practically starving!

The months went by, with no sign of *Rattle* going on, and I was seriously thinking of opting out of the contract and taking anything I could get.

Now anybody who's been out of work knows the awful depression of it all. It's grinding, it goes on and on just eating you away.

I'm always fascinated by people who don't *know* who talk about the scroungers and layabouts who are unemployed.

Everything goes. Your self-respect, the respect of other people. You feel dirty, unusable, used up and rotting.

It doesn't matter what age you are, but it's even worse in your early thirties, as I was – a time when you should be coming to your peak in whatever job you do.

So that was the frame of mind.

Depression and melancholia almost to the point of sickness. If it hadn't been for my wife, Venetia, and the children I really don't know how I'd have got through it.

Then my wife came up with a great distraction. The kind of thing only a woman could think of in a situation like ours.

She pushed me into buying, of all things, a boat!

She said if I could spend some of my useless hours out on the river it would give me a bit of calmness and serenity. But imagine, buying a boat when we were in that state.

Mind you, it was no Burton's luxury yacht.

It was a very old, very worn cabin cruiser with an ancient Austin Seven engine which kept seizing up in mid-river.

It was going for £60, which we didn't have. So I did a deal with the owner – £5 down and the rest in dribs and drabs.

So there I was, out in that boat, in the midst of this dreadful period when I knew I had to make up my mind. Do I stick it out until *Rattle* goes on? Or do I grab any job that's going?

I opted to stick. And that was my turning point.

Within a few weeks, it seems, I got a nice quick touring job which wouldn't affect *Rattle* and which kept our heads above water. And then – breakthrough!

I was offered the opportunity to take *Rattle* – to play in and direct – to South Africa for eight weeks, at *£120 a week*.

It was the biggest single sum of money I'd ever earned. And when I came back we went almost immediately into the West End, to the Garrick Theatre.

The play, Sheila and myself, got absolute rave notices. We couldn't have written them better ourselves. Sheila eventually won the *Evening Standard* best actress award for her part.

From there I played in it in America, where I stayed doing various work, including three Broadway plays, for three years. When I came back, for the first time in my life, I had a bit of money in the bank.

Then I did the Evelyn Waugh trilogy *Sword of Honour*, the National Theatre and other plays. Then along came *Callan*.

And it all stemmed from that turning point out on the boat I couldn't afford. Life's funny, isn't it?

NEXT WEEK: Russell Hunter – Lonely – and his marriage.

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in

Do You Recognise the Woman?

BY BILL CRAIG

with RUSSELL HUNTER
WILLIAM SQUIRE
GEOFFREY CHATER
ANTHONY VALENTINE
and T. P. McKENNA

Richmond, on the run from the Section, fulfils his grim assignment and once again eludes Callan.

The man who's Lonely – see pages 12 and 13.

Norah	Sheila Fay
Dowsett	John Moore
Richmond	T. P. McKenna
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Technician	Harry Walker
Hunter	William Squire
Bishop	Geoffrey Chater
Callan	Edward Woodward
Gladys	Cheryl Hall
Flo	Sarah Lawson
Prison officer	Bella Emberg
Liz	Lisa Langdon
Lonely	Russell Hunter

STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER MIKE HALL: DIRECTOR PETER DUGUID: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.0

Callan gambles on attractive KGB agent Flo Mayhew leading him to his arch enemy Richmond – and loses his gun. Sarah Lawson and Edward Woodward getting to grips in Do You Recognise the Woman?

● If people begin to shy away from T. P. McKenna he can hardly be surprised! Tonight, he returns for his second guest appearance in Callan as the evil Richmond, while this afternoon he could be seen in Downfall, one of the Tales of Edgar Wallace, playing a homicidal maniac . . . Not type-casting we trust!

THERE'S A LOT OF CLASS ABOUT THE MAN WHO'S LONELY

by ALIX COLEMAN

Russell Hunter – from shipyard worker to red-nosed comic, from comic to Shakespearian actor, from Shakespeare to *Callan*'s Lonely. On the way, world tours, a one-man show and marriage to Caroline Blakiston, who has a background in *Debrett's Peerage*

IN THE SUMMER of 1966, beautiful Caroline Blakiston met endearing Russell Hunter; he was Bottom, she was Helena, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Open-Air theatre, Regent's Park. They didn't so much as brush garments during the play, but he carried her off soon after. Now they have a son, Adam, nearly three, and a new baby daughter, Charlotte.

It was a good time for Hunter, that, meeting his favourite girl and playing one of his favourite parts. "His heart," says Lonely's wife, "is in those Shakespearian clowns." Shakespeare really got Russell Hunter going.

Hunter spoke good, broad Glasgow, "a kind of shorthand," he says, all R's and vowel sounds, when he was a loftsman scriever in the John Brown shipyards. (He was a loftsman scriever for six years, drawing up plans of ships in wood. It means he was qualified as a draughtsman and a carpenter.) Drama schools turned him down because they said he couldn't cope with his own accent.

"I reacted by wanting to play Shakespeare because that was, for me, the epitome of no-accent." But when he asked the Scottish repertory companies they fell off their chairs, and he slowly began to sour because he saw no future outside Scotland.

For years he soldiered on, writing his own scripts when, he says, he was stupid enough to want to be a red-nosed comic. "Looking back, that bit's an embarrassment. I made some very bad jokes. No, I won't tell any. Self-punishment like that shouldn't happen to anyone. Luckily, people still thought of me as a serious actor because I went back to the Citizens' Theatre, Glasgow, from time to time."

And then, Hunter's whole life changed. One night in Stornoway he was doing his drag act – high heels, balloon fronts and all – when Michael Elliott, who had directed him in an Irish play 10 months before, rang up to offer him a job with the Royal Shakespeare Company. At the R.S.C., Hunter was amazed and encouraged to find that so many fine actors had so many voices. "That was the first time I realised you could assume an accent along with the costume and the physical characteristics. It all really started with O'Toole and Finney."

So he got going and he never looked back. He's toured abroad with the R.S.C., done his own one-man show, *Cocky*, and got about 13 million viewers hooked on smelly little Lonely.

The police seem hooked, too. Hunter, attending three police functions in two weeks, recently dined with the officers of H Division in London's East End. Hunter thinks Lonely's almost the only television crook who is really scared of prison, which endears him to the force.

His wife, Caroline, is hardly surprised at his success. She says he's clearly an actor. "He has an actor's face. Everyone knows it, of course, but it's an actor's face all right." In the cosy disarray of their purple and red sitting-room, surrounded by large paintings and small toys, she talks about her husband with an intense, heartening warmth.

She says that Hunter reckons his autobiography will go from the Gorbals to Debrett. That's because, says Caroline Blakiston with some simplicity, she supposes she's an aristocrat; her mother is a Russell of the Duke of Bedford's family. Caroline's husband, Russell, is a lad from the shipyards. Caroline has a privileged background. Her father, recently retired, was an archivist, an historical scholar. Before she went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art she had a very grand, high-powered, social job in New York. "I was as far removed from being an actress as you can imagine.

"But my parents aren't rich or special. They're rather bohemian, literate and cultured. So is Russell. He's read more than I have and he remembers what he's read because he didn't have an education. Not like me: I just did what everyone else did and I wasn't interested."

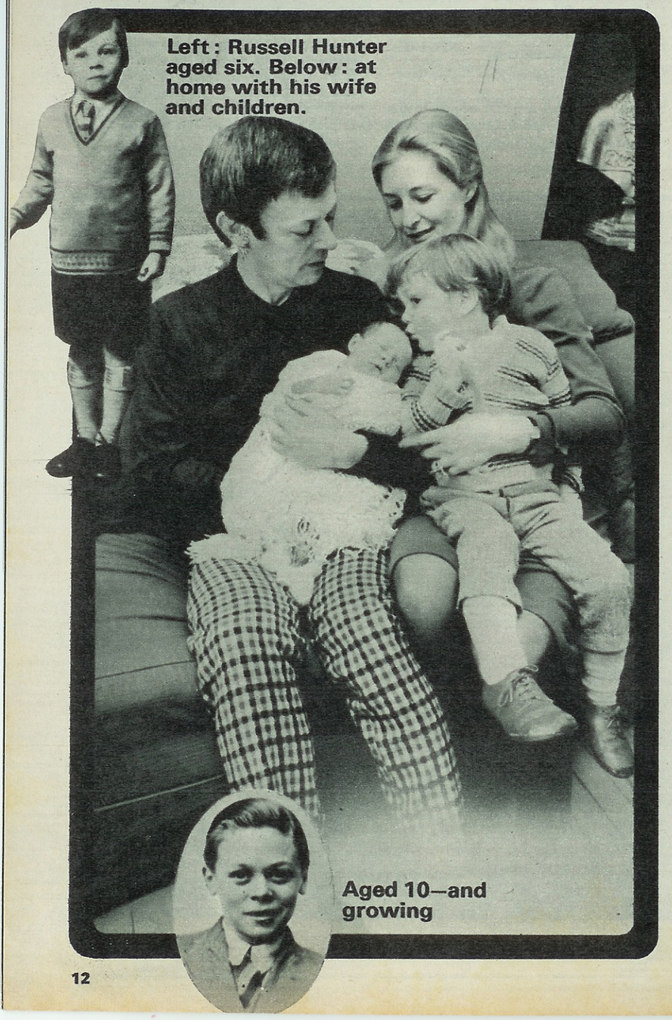
She's tall and has what's known as a strong face, so when she dyed her hair blonde for a part, casting directors poured her into the cool blonde mould and left her set there for ages. "I'm always surprised, because I know I'm tearful and my thing is to be looked after. I spent a large part of my grown-up life summoning enough courage to turn up at all. So I feel a little hurt when people say: 'I saw you play that bitch'." (Which is what they must all have said after her Marjorie Ferrar in *The Forsyte Saga* and her wonderful, drunken cameo in the film, *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*.)

"But then, vulnerability is not necessarily one of the first things you try to achieve. When you get older you realise vulnerability is beautiful. Russell is terribly vulnerable and has the courage to show it. All the ladies want to mother him and make him better, and I'm more and more convinced that's what everyone wants."

They brought to each other their incredibly divided backgrounds and experience, including the good and bad of each. She says it largely makes their relationship. Stress signals are seldom shot up and who, in any case, doesn't shoot up distress signals? They laugh at the same funny men, Dick Emery and Frankie Howerd; they both believe in astrology.

"What Russell really values in people is humanity. He most admired his grandfather, a man of great spirit and moral strength. That's a classless thing. You admire people for their qualities."

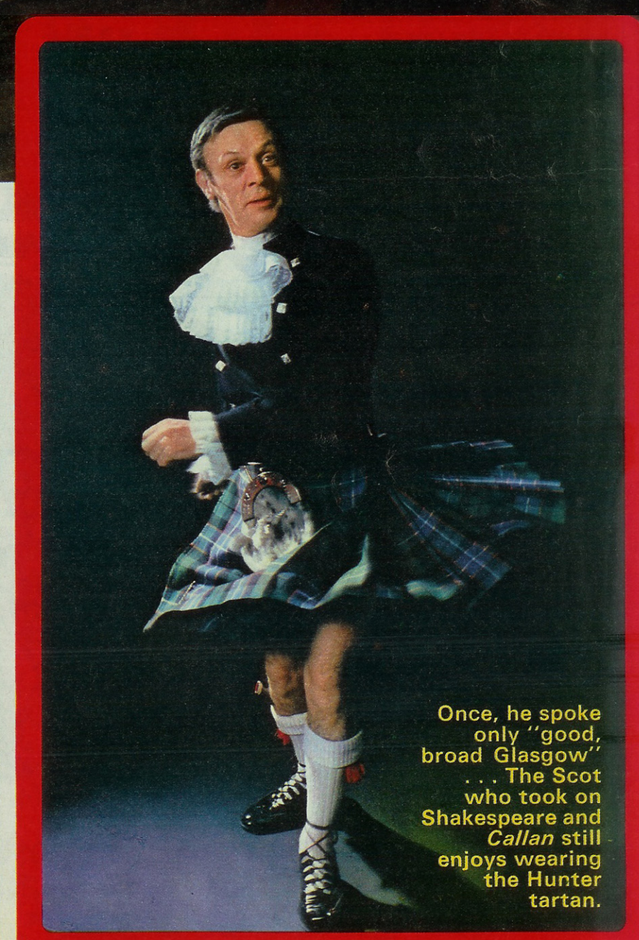
To sense there is something extra to learn about a partner, that all veils have not been stripped away, is probably a marriage's best cement. Caroline Blakiston says she's learnt so much over the years. "The first shock of really living with someone is frightening after you've been a bachelor girl for ages. But it grows better and better, you learn more and more, your admiration increases; that's a first-rate basis for being together. Russell's very special and he gets more special as time goes on."



Left: Russell Hunter aged six. Below: at home with his wife and children.

Aged 10—and growing

The shipyard worker who became Lonely . . . for Russell Hunter the wharves and cranes of Clydeside are memory lane.



Once, he spoke only "good, broad Glasgow" . . . The Scot who took on Shakespeare and *Callan* still enjoys wearing the Hunter tartan.

9.0 Callan

EDWARD WOODWARD in

A Man Like Me

BY JAMES MITCHELL

with RUSSELL HUNTER
WILLIAM SQUIRE
ANTHONY VALENTINE
guest star T. P. McKENNA

The last episode in the present series brings a fitting climax to the running battle between Callan and Richmond. They meet face to face.

Where do all the Callans go? Pages 14, 15

Hunter	William Squire
Meres	Anthony Valentine
Richmond	T. P. McKenna
Harris	Robin Ellis
Caroline	Belinda Carroll
Callan	Edward Woodward
Snell	Clifford Rose
Routledge	Peter Sallis
Mrs. Glover	Gwen Nelson
Deane	Stephen Whittaker
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Bishop	Geoffrey Chater
Stafford	Paul Williamson
Liz	Lisa Langdon
Security man	Wally Thomas

SERIES CREATOR JAMES MITCHELL: STORY EDITOR GEORGE MARKSTEIN: DESIGNER BILL PALMER: DIRECTOR/PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN

Thames Television Production

9.0 **Computers in the world of Callan? It's all part of the running battle between him and Richmond. Checking the suspects' faces are Hunter (William Squire), Snell (Clifford Rose) and Routledge (Peter Sallis)**

WHERE DO ALL THE CALLANS GO?

Gourmets have their good-food guides. Doctors, lawyers, journalists, strip girls, photographers, bankers and even bespoke tailors have their special neighbourhoods . . . but where do the Callans of this world spend their work and leisure hours?

***Callan* story editor, GEORGE MARKSTEIN, conducts you on a spy tour of London . . .**

It's a shady world which doesn't advertise itself. Yet, occasionally, in a spy trial, or in the memoirs of a secret agent, the curtain is momentarily lifted. Then we may find that the tube station we use every day, the pub where we once drank or the park where we take the dog for a walk, is the backcloth to a real life cloak-and-dagger intrigue.

Spying doesn't really have its own manor, the way medicine has London's Harley Street, or fashion Bond Street. But equally well-known localities have often figured in spy dramas.

Doubtless any embryo Ian Fleming could be inspired by a stroll down Kensington Palace Gardens. There are those huge tell-tale radio aerials atop the Soviet and Czech Embassies, those barred windows, intriguing enough for any thriller-writer. And the unsmiling men who step out of the sleek black cars with diplomatic number plates add just the right touch.

Highgate, of course, must be at the top of the list. It's the home of the Soviet Trade Mission which figured in the headlines not so long ago. But there's also Karl Marx's grave in Highgate Cemetery, a must for any self-respecting agent.

Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, shot in Moscow in the spring of 1963, after being convicted of spying for the West, made a bee-line there when he came to London. He even wrote a letter to the First Secretary of the Central Committee of The Communist Party complaining about the state of the grave. As a loyal Marxist he found such neglect appalling, and a reflection on Embassy staff in London whose job it was to look after such things. Penkovsky was commended for his "socialist vigilance", but that didn't save him from the firing squad.

One suspects that, whatever side they are working for, secret agents eat well. They often seem to use high class restaurants for meetings. Maybe high expenses are a compensation for low salaries.

Greville Wynne, the British businessman who was exchanged after being jailed for spying in Russia, recalls that he was first recruited by Intelligence in the Ivy Restaurant, West Street, London.

"It was," he wrote afterwards, "an excellent lunch."

Few people who pass the Rubens Hotel in Buckingham Palace Road, London, are aware that it has historic links with M.I.5. It was in this hotel, in World War One, that Major General Sir Vernon Kell, the man who formed the Military Intelligence department, had his headquarters. Kell, who stayed in charge of the service until 1940, became a legendary figure.

The fictional Callan is supposed to have lived for some time in a shabby basement flat in Islington, but two real-life spies did rather better for themselves.

Gordon Lonsdale, the K.G.B. (Soviet Secret Service) colonel who master-minded the Portland Spy Ring, had a comfortable flat on the sixth floor of the elegant White House in Albany Street. No one suspected that flat 634 contained a treasure trove of spy gear, including codes, microdots, radio equipment.

Just as no one guessed that such a pleasant suburban house as 45 Cranley Drive, Ruislip, Middlesex, the home of Peter and Helen Kroger was a K.G.B. spy station.

A plane tree in London's Duchess of Bedford's Walk was a meeting place for William John Vassall, the Admiralty spy. He had to draw a pink, chalk circle on the trunk as a signal. Vassall lived in style in an eighth-floor flat in Hood House, Dolphin Square.

Despite the attractions of the flashy West End restaurant, the local pub can be part of the spy scene. Atom traitor Klaus Fuchs was instructed to meet his Russian contact at the Nag's Head in Wood Green. Fuchs had to carry a copy of *Tribune*, the weekly magazine, and the Russian a red book (no Peking influence here, it was before the *Thoughts of Mao*). Another meeting place for Fuchs and the Soviet agent was in the Spotted Horse in Putney High Street.

When atom scientist Alan Nunn May was handing over information, his Moscow spy-controllers were quite specific where in the streets of London he should meet his contact:

"In front of the British Museum in Great Russell Street, at the opposite side of the street, about Museum Street, from the opposite side of Tottenham Court Road . . . the contact man walks from the opposite side, Southampton Row."

The contact man's password, ordered Moscow, was to be: "What is the shortest way to the Strand?"

Which makes it pretty obvious that a London street atlas was on the desk of the K.G.B. at most times.

Open spaces also have their attractions for the spy world. For nearly two months, our agents staked out St George's Park, Wandsworth, and after much patient waiting caught a second secretary of the Soviet Embassy, Pavel Kuznetsov, redhanded as he was handed a piece of paper by a Civil Servant.

The Falcon public house in Wardour Street played a big role in cracking the Portland Spy Ring. It was from an upstairs window in this pub that security men kept watch on the pin-table business, opposite, run by master-spy Lonsdale.

And a deed box Lonsdale kept at his bank in Great Portland Street yielded some vital information during the big investigation.

It was in Waterloo Road, just opposite the Old Vic, that Lonsdale and his accomplices were finally arrested, after having been trailed from platform 14 at Waterloo Station.

One of Germany's top spies, Julius Silber, lived in a one-roomed flat in Charing Cross Road.

"Not precisely of the best class, but certainly clean, comfortable and ideally situated," he said of it.

The flat was at the corner of Cambridge Circus and here, for four years in World War One, Silber lived while supplying Germany with a flow of top secret information – and was never caught.

If ever they did publish a Good Spy Guide, it would be a long book. It would list night-clubs and bars, hotels and restaurants, garages and phone booths, parks and cinemas, concert halls and cemeteries, art galleries and department stores, railway stations and airports.

The point is that the spy's London is really anywhere.

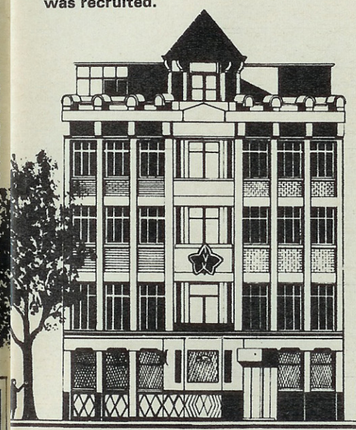
Gordon Lonsdale had a flat in Albany Street, London.

Opposite the Old Vic in Waterloo Road, London, Lonsdale and his accomplices were arrested.

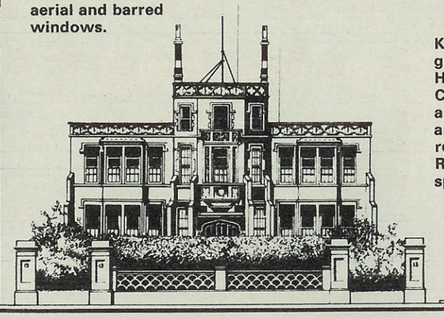
The Krogers' home at Ruislip, Middlesex; a K.G.B. spy station.

The tree in Duchess of Bedford's Walk, London, on which Vassall drew a pink chalk circle

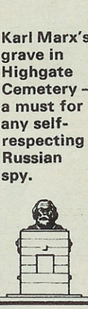
In the Ivy Restaurant, West Street, London, Greville Wynne was recruited.



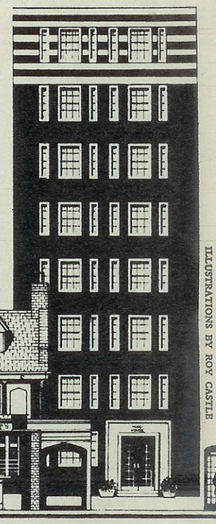
The Soviet Embassy, Kensington Palace Gardens, London; tell-tale radio aerial and barred windows.



Karl Marx's grave in Highgate Cemetery – a must for any self-respecting Russian spy.



The Spotted Horse Putney, London, where Klaus Fuchs met his Russian contact.



Hood House, Dolphin Square, London. Home of William John Vassall, Admiralty Spy.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROY CASTLE

GORDON LONSDALE

Gordon Lonsdale, Russian-master-spy, died two years ago, aged 44. In 1961 he was sentenced to 25 years for running the Portland Spy Ring. Also sentenced: Peter and Helen Kroger, each receiving 20 years. Three years later, Lonsdale was free – swopped with the Russians for Greville Wynne. Lonsdale's real name was Konon Trofimovitch Molody. To the Russian Intelligence Service he was Colonel K.

Early in his career he worked in Germany with master-spy Rudolph Abels, and again in America. Abels set the pattern for Lonsdale's own release when he was swopped for the American spy-pilot Gary Powers.

Gordon Lonsdale wrote his autobiography *Spy* in 1965.

PETER AND HELEN KROGER

Peter and Helen Kroger were probably the best-known husband and wife spy team. Jailed for 20 years for their part in the Portland Spy Ring, they, in fact, served only eight and a half years – swopped in 1969 for British lecturer Gerald Brooke, who had been imprisoned on anti-Soviet propaganda charges.

They are now living in America where they were born. They lived there under the name of Cohen. The Krogers brought spying to the suburbs – operating from Ruislip, Middlesex. Peter Kroger told fellow prisoners while in jail: "We will never serve the sentence . . ."

GREVILLE WYNNE

Greville Wynne, now 51, was the British spy who caused a sensation in 1962, when he decided to plead guilty to espionage in Russia.

He was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment but was freed after serving only 18 months at Moscow's notorious Lubianka Jail.

Always giving the appearance of a successful businessman, Wynne was released in exchange for Russian master-spy Gordon Lonsdale and was last reported to be settled semi-permanently in Malta, where he is one of a development syndicate.

Wynne was married for the second time in August, 1970, at Kensington Register Office to his 27-year-old secretary, Dutch born Johanna van Buren, whom he met in Brussels in 1964.

DR. KLAUS FUCHS

Dr. Klaus Fuchs, the refugee who fled to Britain and then gave its atomic secrets to Russia, was one of the first post-World War Two spies. He was sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment in 1950, but released in 1959. He was 60 years old last December.

WILLIAM JOHN VASSALL

William John Vassall, now in his mid-40s, pleaded guilty to charges, under the Official Secrets Act in 1962, of selling secrets to Russia while he was an Admiralty clerk.

At present in Maidstone Prison, he is likely to be paroled in October, although sentenced to 18 years.

CALLAN CAUSES CONFUSION

PLEASE issue us with a *Callan* plan, because sorting out who is who – and explaining it to Grandma afterwards – is a task that even Hunter Callan would not relish.

As I see it, David Callan, lately code-named Hunter, has been using Lonely in the mobile communications facility, with the help of Cross and Meres, to track down the nasties, but Kitzlinger and Kessler might not, or then again they might, sell a deal.

It depends on a certain page of *War and Peace*, but watch out for Bishop and Bristac, who lead old Callan (sorry, Hunter) a bit of a double dance. Moss and Crere, with the help of Paloney, got Bunter in a bit of a tizzy because – get this! – Wressler and Gunslinger miss out with the pages, and the names are not known.

But don't ever leave the TV for one minute because Bishop may checkmate. And that's just *one* recent episode.

Truloski Virolovosovich
alias R. P. SMITH
Scarborough, Yorks.

Producer Reginald Collin appreciates the difficulty: "A newspaper critic once said that if you blink once, the chances are you'll miss something."

But, as he points out, a full plan to the Callan *series would give the entire game away. "We don't go out of our way to make the plots complicated," he says, "but we want to be truthful, and truth is never easy to follow.*

"We also try to make each episode a self-contained story on its own, but there is an overall plot that must be followed – Callan's experiences in Hunter's chair – and we do tend to cross-relate our characters for those who have watched the previous series.

"We spend a lot of time, in fact, simplifying the scripts but, if you are a bit tied up at the moment, please bear with us – it will all sort itself out in the end."

[PHOTOGRAPHS BY RON McFARLANE]

FACT FILE

ON TV'S MOST ACTIVE AGENT!

UNTIL ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, Edward Woodward was what you might call an 'actors' actor'. His talent was recognised by his colleagues in the profession and by West End theatre-goers who saw his brilliant performance as a North Country lad 'oop for t'Cup' in *Rattle of a Simple Man*. But, in spite of a number of television appearances, the Great British Public only knew Woodward as another face on the 'box'. And then —there was *Callan*!

As the unwilling assassin, the tough trigger-man with a Cockney accent and a sensitive streak, Edward Woodward became a household name. When one programme series ended with *Callan* apparently dead, thousands of viewers protested, and the slogan 'Callan Lives!' mysteriously appeared on walls all over the country. And *Callan* is still very much alive.

Unlike some actors who have found themselves identified with a single part, Woodward bears *Callan* no grudge. "It's a wonderful part," he says, "and I never get bored with it. We have a magnificent team of actors and technicians, and our scriptwriters are the best in the business. I'd like to star in a Callan movie if I ever get the chance—and the time."

Finding time is obviously a major problem for Woodward. In the last two years, he has starred in two productions with the National Theatre Company of his life-long idol, Lord Olivier; he has made three films which will be released soon—including *The Young Winston*, based on the early life of Sir Winston Churchill, and *Sitting Target*, with Oliver Reed; and he has starred in singing and comedy spectaculars on TV ("I'd like to work with Nina again: she's a wonderful person—and the greatest girl singer there is.").

And he likes to make as much time as he can to relax with his family at his country home in Kent. His daughter, nine-year-old Sarah is "a bit bored with *Callan*—everyone she meets asks her ➜

Callan off-duty: Woodward relaxes at home with nine-year-old Sarah.

FACT FILE

to get my autograph! Sarah and the boys are very critical of me, and take the mickey on every possible occasion.

"Tim, my nineteen-year-old son, is an Assistant Stage Manager at Richmond Repertory Theatre and will soon take his R.A.D.A. examination. I suppose it *may* be some help to him to be my son, but I think he sometimes worries that he may be offered work on that account—and not because of his own talents.

"If ever I have the chance, I'd like to do a children's TV series on a really big scale. It would be about two children who travel all over the world—maybe with a diplomat father—and get to know the people in the countries they visit. They wouldn't have hair-raising adventures all the time, but the programme would really get to the heart of each country, what makes its people tick . . . it might do a bit for international understanding. Of course, it would be fearfully expensive to make . . ."

SECRET OF SUCCESS

Woodward, whose long climb to fame began at R.A.D.A. way back in 1946,

It looks as if the down-trodden Lonely (Russell Hunter) is defying Callan (Edward Woodward) for once! In the present 'Callan' Series, Lonely has a 'cover' job as a cab driver.

And he's really very good—and so is his sixteen-year-old brother Richard, who is also determined on a theatre career.

"Sarah? Yes, she's already decided that she's going to be an actress. She'll be happy I'm being interviewed for a comic: she likes reading them—and I'm glad of it. Good comics widen the imagination, as well as providing knowledge in an entertaining way. Like good television programmes—and I think that British children's television is the best in the world. People like the *Magpie* team know their audience and don't try to 'talk down' to them.

should be well qualified to explain the secret of success in the acting profession. But he says: "There is no secret . . . no easy answer. Anybody who wants to act should remember that the actors we see on our television screens, making it all look so easy, are the successful ones—and a large proportion of the profession is out of work most of the time. It can be the hardest of hard work: you've got to *want* it desperately, all the time—and you've got to be sure that when you're sixty years old, you'll still want to be an actor as much as you did when you were six, sixteen or twenty-six."

CALLAN'S BACK IN BUSINESS

CALLAN, once Britain's most popular secret agent, is making a comeback. This Tuesday the *Callan* feature film is shown on ITV and this Wednesday work starts on a one-off 90min. play featuring the defiant anti-hero.

Intriguingly entitled *Wet Job* it once again teams Edward Woodward (left) as Callan with Russell Hunter as Lonely, the seedy small-time crook whom Callan uses as an informant.

James Mitchell, who created the *Callan* series which ran on ITV from 1967-73, has written the story, which is being produced and directed for ATV by Shaun O'Riordan.

Now fatter and slower, Callan has retired from spying and has settled down to live with a woman. He owns a shop and is enjoying the quiet life when something from the past draws him back into a dangerous adventure. "Wet job" is slang for just such a tough assignment.

Says O'Riordan: "The story looks at how a middle-aged man can cope with being thrown back into the violent world of spying. I think the script is so good that somebody may ask if a new series is possible."

And that's a definite possibility. Both its stars have fond memories of the series.

TUESDAY

EVENING: **Callan** (Edward Woodward, Eric Porter, Catherine Schell, Carl Mohner, Peter Egan). 1974. First television showing for what is perhaps the best television spin-off film to date. James Mitchell goes back to his own first novel about Callan (*A Red File for Callan*) for the storyline, and Don Sharp's tautly-strung direction (especially efficient in a marathon car chase) and Edward Woodward's tersely convincing performance do the rest. A new *Callan* film, made especially for television is currently in production with Edward Woodward returning to the role that made him famous: see *Inside Television*.

Edward Woodward as Callan has a deadly aim

CALLAN

7.30

EDWARD WOODWARD ERIC PORTER

A brilliant shot, good with a knife, and a karate expert David Callan is a former member of a British Government section concerned with 'the elimination of undesirables". But there came a time when he was removed to a routine desk job because his chief, Hunter, decided he was a problem by developing a conscience.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, Hunter summons Callan. He wants him to kill a German businessman named Schneider—quickly.

See film guide, page 26

Callan	Edward Woodward
Hunter	Eric Porter
Schneider	Carl Mohner
Jenny	Catherine Schell
Meres	Peter Egan
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Waterman	Kenneth Griffith
The Greek	Michael Da Costa
Hunter's secretary	Veronica Lang
Snell	Clifford Rose
Arthur	David Prowse
George	Don Henderson

SCREENPLAY JAMES MITCHELL: DIRECTOR DON SHARP

Comeback of a killer

by Jane Ennis

CALLAN, British Secret Service assassin and television anti-hero of the Sixties, was not a nice man. Actor Edward Woodward, who breathed life into the character, says: 'He was a fascinating person, but I always disliked him. He was ruthless and cruel with a streak of ghastly sentimentality.'

Now, 10 years after his demise, the killer makes a comeback in the 90-minute play *Callan:* on Wednesday. But, unlike the James Bond-style spycatchers, we find that Callan has not learned the secret of eternal youth. He is older, slower, shortsighted, grey-haired and has a slight paunch.

Woodward, now aged 51, remembers being pleased to see the back of Callan 10 years ago. His feelings towards the character were something like those of Doctor Frankenstein towards his monster.

'It was a marvellous part, but I felt that it might destroy me in the end. Wherever I went, people would refer to me as Callan. It worried me terribly at the time.

'We made about 40 episodes of Callan and deliberately spread the series out over five years. I wasn't greedy and I made sure that instead of crunching all the series together I did lots of other good parts in between.

'But Callan was such a strong character that people seemed to think it was the only part I'd ever played. This was extremely annoying. After all, I'd been earning my living as an actor for 20 years before Callan came along.'

What Callan did do for Woodward was give him national recognition. 'It was the right part in the right place at the right time,' he says. 'For an actor, that's like winning the pools. It was so beautifully written. I would have had to be a bad actor or an idiot to go wrong – and I'm neither of those.' Along with public recognition came public curiosity and, when Woodward left his wife Venetia to live with 35-year-old actress Michele Dotrice, he found that fame can have drawbacks. Many moves the couple made were reported in the Press and they were chased by photographers.

Double-take: Callan (Edward Woodward) as he was, and with his sidekick Lonely (Russell Hunter) in the play *Callan*.

'We became so sick of it that I now refuse to talk to the Press about our relationship.'

Since Callan, Woodward has never been short of work, and some outstanding performances in the theatre and on film have confirmed his position among the leading British actors. Now he feels he is strong enough to raise the Callan ghost.

He says: 'After all, I'm only doing a one-off play and I have often thought it would be fascinating to find out what has happened to a man like that 10 years on.'

On Wednesday, viewers will see that Callan has retired from the Secret Service and is calling himself David Tucker. He has a new business – a shop called The Old Brigade specialising in military uniforms and equipment – a new mistress and a kind of middle-aged contentment.

A call summoning him to headquarters brings him out of retirement for one last job. He tries to persuade his old accomplice Lonely (Russell Hunter) to help him, but Lonely refuses because he is 'going straight' running his own business called Fresh and Fragrant Bathroom Installations.

Eventually, Callan copes with the situation like the ruthless professional he always was and we find that, under the civilized veneer, he has changed little.

Woodward says: 'People don't change much. I haven't altered a great deal in the past 10 years. Of course, Michele has made a big difference to my life. Time has passed and my children, who were still at school when I first played Callan, are now grown up. The boys, Tim and Peter, are actors now and Sarah is about to start at RADA. But I'm still the same man. I still believe in the same things, laugh at the same jokes.'

Those who know Woodward well say he is much more carefree than he used to be.

'I used to be a chronic worrier,' he says, 'but I'm pleased to say that I've now abandoned it as a major pastime. These days, I collect rocks instead.

'If I'm faced with a big problem, I get out my rock collection and gaze at a beautiful stone that has been around for five million years and will probably be around for another five million. Then I ask myself, "Why should I worry?"'

A few weeks ago, Edward Woodward watched his performance in an old Callan episode. A grizzled, bespectacled Callan 1981 version saw the younger pin-up with the steely eyes and razor smile leap athletically into danger.

He shook his head, reflectively. 'Nobody was ever that young.'

8.30

There's no such thing as a quiet life. Not when you're a retired secret service agent by the name of *Callan* (Edward Woodward). The old master finds himself back in the dirty and dangerous spy world once again this evening.

8.30 Callan. . . Wet Job

BY JAMES MITCHELL

EDWARD WOODWARD
RUSSELL HUNTER
GEORGE SEWELL
ANGELA BROWNE

Ten years after his last mission secret service agent Callan, now a dealer in militaria with his own shop, is prised out of retirement on another assignment.

To Margaret, Callan's past is part of his charm. But to Callan himself it is a permanent threat — especially when he receives a telephone call from 'Charlie'. The memoirs of an ex-MP could prove very embarrassing.

Comeback of a killer: see page 12

Callan	Edward Woodward
Lonely	Russell Hunter
Haggerty	George Sewell
Margaret	Angela Browne
Lucy	Helen Bourne
Hunter	Hugh Walters
Thorne	Anthony Smee
Dobrovsky	Milos Kirek
Radlett	Donald Hoath
Jebb	Philip Bird
Pardoe	Gordon Kane
Catothorne	David Cann
Mrs Radlett	Josie Kidd
Robin Miller	Jeremy Gittins
Tim	Philip Manikum
Liz	Felicity Harrison
Young Man	Mark Draper

DESIGNER DAVID CHANDLER: PRODUCER/DIRECTOR SHAUN O'RIORDAN

ATV Network Production

DOUBLE AGENTS

8.0: Callan, out of character. Singing, dancing. His hour of friendly persuasion. 9.0: Marker in character – and very much still sleuthing

8.0 The Edward Woodward Hour

BY ERIC MERRIMAN

with guests **BERYL REID**
PATRICK CARGILL NINA
RUSSELL HUNTER
Natasha Pyne
Ann Holloway Dany Clare

For those who think of Edward Woodward only as Callan, the next hour or so should come as a surprise – he *sings*, with musical director Geoff Love and his concert orchestra supplying the backing. And he *clowns*, joining guests Beryl Reid and Patrick Cargill in sketches – including a confrontation between Callan and the father of *Father, Dear Father*, written by Johnnie Mortimer and Brian Cooke, and directed by William G. Stewart. Peter Robinson is responsible for the script of "The Burglar" sketch.

MUSIC ASSOCIATE SID HADDON: DESIGNER PATRICK DOWNING: ASSOCIATE PRODUCER DAVID CLARK: DIRECTOR/PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN: EXECUTIVE PRODUCER PHILIP JONES

Thames Television Production

10.15

Callan, faultlessly disguised as Edward Woodward, keeps up the pretence for an hour

10.15 Another Edward Woodward Hour

Guests MARGARET LOCKWOOD
PETER JONES
JULIA LOCKWOOD
RUSSELL HUNTER
Geoff Love and his Orchestra

Earlier this year, Edward Woodward left counter-espionage man David Callan at home and starred in his own hour of music and comedy.

It was so successful that the decision was taken to give Callan Christmas leave and produce another 60 minutes of Edward Woodward and his guests.

In addition to singing, Edward will be joined by Peter Jones and Russell "Lonely" Hunter in comedy sketches and by star of films and television, Margaret Lockwood, taking a break from her *Justice* series. Margaret's actress daughter, Julia, completes the guest list in the role of singer.

Geoff Love and his Orchestra ensure highest standard musical backing, so sit back and relax – with not a spy in sight!

The script is by Eric Merriman and music associate is Sid Lucas.

The many lives of Callan – see pages 92, 93, 95

MUSIC DIRECTOR GEOFF LOVE: DESIGNER NORMAN GARWOOD: DIRECTOR PETER FRAZER-JONES: PRODUCER REGINALD COLLIN: EXECUTIVE PRODUCER PHILIP JONES

Thames Television Production

Edward Woodward with his wife Venetia and eight-year-old Sarah. Below: his study walls reflect some of his 400-plus television and theatre roles.

Pistols at 3
Bombed at 14
Jilted at 18

The

There is more to Edward Woodward than Day. But what is it we secretly seem to like he seems to possess a quality that makes of the man who plays him? Here, in the and sometimes funny self-assessment. But

MAYBE it's Freudian or symbolic of one of the characters I was to eventually play, but the first real memory I have was of my third birthday. And what sort of presents do you think I got? A couple of pistols.

Naturally they were cap pistols, but then again there are no real bullets in Callan's guns, either; or I'm afraid there'd be an awful lot of dead actors littered around the studio floors.

I had a very warm, cosy young life; there was just Mum, Dad – who was working for a poultry farmer – and myself. But I seemed to have lots of cousins living close by and I was rarely alone – certainly not spoilt.

Our road was Broadway Avenue, Croydon, and at the end of it there was a county grammar school. And as soon as I was old enough to be aware, my one big ambition was to go to that school. Every day, along with my small friends, I watched pupils going to that school. They

MY STORY - BY EDWARD WOODWARD Part one

many lives of Callan

meets the eye in *Callan* – as you can see in *Another Edward Woodward Hour*, on Boxing
about *Callan*? After all, on the surface he is simply a miserable, surly, clever killer. Yet
most of us somehow sympathise with him. Is it a quality of Callan? Or a special quality
irst of three parts, Woodward tells his life story to KEN ROCHE, a poignant
most of all it shows the remarkable quality of the man who plays at violence

seemed very superior to us and therefore children to be especially envied.

I was born in 1930 and life wasn't always good for the average working-class family. But my father was lucky; he managed to stay in work. They tried to save hard out of his money – I think it was about £2 10s. a week; and I remember we had one of those great big box radios full of valves that you were almost frightened to look into.

But there was always the overall feeling of warmth and care and cosiness. I still make a point of driving down that road sometimes and I think what a wonderful way I was brought up.

I never got to that grammar school. I left the area when I was seven, but I know most of the other kids in the street made it.

In those early days one of our very special games was playing the Chimps' Tea Party. I was the youngest of the bunch and I was the only one who hadn't been to the zoo to watch the actual tea party. But it didn't matter as long as you got the idea and we would all lope around dangling our arms and pretending to be educated apes.

Another thing I remember – most of the time I was the only boy in the street. All the others were girls. I must have been way ahead of myself discovering that females were lovely and soft and feminine! But I was never to become a brilliant "chatter-upper" of girls. I was always too basically shy for that.

I certainly wasn't a tough youngster – not by a long way. But I was taught to box almost from the time I could toddle. My grandfather lived about half a mile away and he had a gymnasium in his garden that he built himself. His hobbies were growing chrysanthemums and training amateur boxers in Croydon.

Nearly every day I'd be round there and he would give us boxing lessons. Of course, most of the time it was more or less just shadow-boxing because grandfather made sure no-one ever hurt themselves. He would watch us like a lynx to make sure no-one bullied someone else. It was all really very good, harmless fun. And it made me feel quite grown-up, too.

At seven we moved to Wallington. One memory that springs to mind is watching my Dad making poultry deliveries on his bike. Remember those "stop-me-and-buy-one" ice-cream cycles, with the big box thing in front? He used one of those, because he had never been able to drive as he had something wrong with one of his eyes.

A year before the war I was eight and both my parents had become Air-Raid Precaution workers. One day a lorry arrived outside our door and some people unloaded dozens and dozens of boxes.

They were gas masks and for the next several months Mum and Dad went around to various places giving demonstrations on how to use them. For my bit towards the war effort, I was used as a guinea pig and Mum would take me to schools to show the pupils how to put on the children's masks. They had comic faces like Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. You could say it was my first real acting job!

The war really came home to us in 1944, when I was 14. Our house was bombed out by a doodlebug – one of the V-1 flying bombs.

I remember it was a lovely summer's day and we were sitting out in the garden with my uncle, who had just come back from the army abroad. There was a warning on, but no-one let that interfere with their day-to-day lives, because it was happening all the time.

Anyway, we saw this doodlebug and were listening to the noise of it when suddenly it cut out. I was watching it, looking round a side passage, I remember.

As it cut out my father shouted: "Come on – let's go!" We rushed to the shelter. My mother came up from the bottom of the garden and dived in.

For one split second I glanced behind and there was this machine which completely filled my whole vision. I don't know what happened next. I woke up about an hour later covered in rubble and there was the house – gone.

One thing I shall never forget was the incredible noise of it.

I was lucky. I had caught my face on the side of the shelter and my arm was lacerated, but I was all right. We all escaped, but my father was pretty badly injured and he spent weeks in hospital.

The doodlebug actually dived into the front garden. If it had landed a few feet further on and struck the house itself then I doubt if any of us would have survived. However, we spent a few weeks in a rest centre for bombed-out families and then moved around among relatives – the usual thing for those days.

But before that time something else was beginning to develop in the young Woodward that was going to point me very definitely towards the theatre.

At school, one of the teachers was a Mrs. Grace King. She was to have more influence on me, outside of my parents, than anyone, yet >>>>

Three faces of the boy who became Callan. Of his childhood Edward Woodward says: "There was always the feeling of warmth."

Callan *(continued)*

she was a very reticent woman. So much so, that years later when she was approached to appear on TV – when Eamonn Andrews pulled a *This Is Your Life* on me – she refused to appear. She felt it was nothing to do with her and she'd be intruding.

I have often thought that her basic shyness was one of the reasons she particularly helped me at school. I was so shy I could hardly communicate sometimes, and she was quick to recognise the difficulties I had.

She helped me to talk, to converse – to relax more with people. She instilled in me an instinct for acting without necessarily pushing me towards it. She taught English, music and drama and I started doing school plays more as a therapy for my shyness.

I still keep in touch with Mrs. King and I look upon her as a friend.

It was a bit difficult for other teachers to take, because I was always regarded as her favourite, and frankly at the time I was a bit worried about that.

But now when I can look back and get it into its proper perspective, I realise that she had a very special knack of being a good educationist.

It wasn't only me, either. There were several people like me whom she helped through the difficulty of communication.

There was another woman who did a lot for me – that was Marion Renner at Kingston Commercial College, where I was from about 14 to 16.

You know, I've got to go off on a sidetrack here. The very process of recalling things like going to school and dredging up one's childhood has suddenly made me realise why I could never become big-headed even though I'm supposed to be a star.

Everything really is so transitory, so unstable. But schools and attitudes of mind like Mrs. King's and Marion Renner's are not.

When you go back to an old school to give away the prizes (as I did recently), or return to an old rep. company you worked for, you realise the complete impermanence of yourself as part of humanity. The permanence, if you like, of everything else but yourself.

There's my old school for instance. It was there before I was born and will almost certainly be there after I'm dead. The education system will still be going on. The theatre that was old before you first crept into its stagedoor will still be there when there's a memorial plaque to you in its only lavatory.

Every so often I – we all – run into glimmers of insight like this. I thank God we do because, for me at any rate, it helps so much to keep things in perspective.

I didn't lose all my shyness, but teachers like those took a lot of the pain from it. Mrs. King communicated to me her own enthusiasm for the theatre and all the arts; and Miss Renner – who had gained practical experience as an actress – was the first to actively suggest that I became an actor.

Aged 10 (above), 11 (inset) and 17, with his mother (top). "The very process of recalling things ... dredging up one's childhood has suddenly made me realise why I could never be big-headed ..."

I *think* I'd thought about being an actor. But how do you become an actor? I had clumsily suggested to myself that I would be a journalist. My thoughts about being an actor were pure pipe-dream stuff. Even though I was an avid radio-play listener . . .

Miss Renner pointed it out to me: "Why try and be a journalist when you've the makings of an actor? Let's be honest – you're not very good at shorthand; your typing isn't all that hot; you know nothing about real journalism – and you've got a flair for acting."

Thus armed, or disarmed, with this kind of enthusiasm for and interest in, me, I applied for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art examination.

I suppose I automatically assumed that when I left school I should go out and earn some kind of living. If I passed the R.A.D.A. audition I would not only have my fees paid for me, but also have a grant of about the same amount I could expect to earn in commerce.

But I had to wait for the result and for about three months I worked for a sanitary engineer in Horseferry Road, London, as a junior clerk pretending to know shorthand and struggling through with typing at 40 words a minute. They gave me £2 10s. a week. It's the only work I've ever done outside the theatre.

When I passed my R.A.D.A. entrance, my fees were paid and I was given a grant of – £2 10s. a week.

At 16-plus I later learned that up until that time I was the youngest male student to go into the Royal Academy.

To be in something I was beginning to feel at home with *and* getting 50 bob a week (minus £1 to my parents) was good going in those days. It was many years before I was as well off as in those days.

My first real repertory work was at Farnham, during my R.A.D.A. days. It was on a "shares" basis. We didn't get any money other than a piece of what came in. The best week I think I got £3. The worst was a token half-penny for our production of *Othello*. Imagine that: a ha'penny for a week's work. I've still got that ha'penny, so I suppose you could say I was never really broke.

Then came a Grand Tour of Europe. That was for a touring company which was to play all over England and the Continent.

We went to King's Lynn, then on to the old King's Theatre, Hammersmith, and that was the end of it. End of the Grand Tour and I was out of work. The first big theatrical smack in the eye.

A big friend of mine on that gigantic fiasco was Harry Towb, newly over from Ireland. We became very friendly in the three months of rehearsals before the world-shattering tour, and eventually I asked my mother if Harry could move in with us so he could escape from the gloomy digs he was in.

Altogether I did a straight run of eight years in rep. During that time I was always lucky. I was rarely out of work for more than a week or two. I didn't earn much money, but I was rarely out of work. It was a long time before I went through the thing most actors go through, which is total rejection everywhere for month after month after month.

But I did get one awful rejection. At 17 I went to join Perth Repertory Theatre, which had a pretty strong cast. It would cost a lot to get them all together these days. There were performers such as Sarah Lawson, Donald Pleasence, Richard Johnson and Gordon Jackson.

But that wasn't on my mind when I arrived as an eager teenager. It was a beautiful brunette in the company. A girl called Margaret.

This was my first big, idyllic love affair. I saved hard and we became engaged. I spent the vast sum of £25 on an engagement ring (I got it through a friend in the trade so it was cheaper than it might have been). I even went out and bought our first pieces of furniture. Imagine! Building a nest already, as an 18-year-old rep. actor!

It's odd enough these days; then, it was ludicrous.

But I went to a second-hand shop and bought this beautiful French Empire chaise longue and a chair to match. For £14 10s. They are beautifully shaped and designed, ivory inlaid and I have them in my front hall to this day.

I must have thought that if it all falls through I could always keep the furniture.

Of course it did fall through. She was very pretty, very sweet and a delightful person. But she decided she had had enough of acting and wanted to leave the theatre.

Frankly, when you are dealing with two people of the age we were, when one of you gives up what is essentially a way of life then you have to sever all connections completely. Her parents obviously pointed this out to her and forlornly I had to agree.

I got £10 back for the ring; and, packing up the chaise longue and the matching chair in paper and string, I came back from Perth to London.

I returned to the rep. company there a little later, which was a strange experience. Going back and she not being there any more . . . 19 can be a hard time to live sometimes.

NEXT WEEK: India and paratyphoid. India and love. And marriage.

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MY STORY - BY EDWARD WOODWARD

Part Two

Edward Woodward last week described how, as a child, he narrowly escaped death from a flying bomb; how he went on to win a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and how his first big love affair happened. Telling his life story to KEN ROCHE, he had reached his early days of repertory and the age of 19. But soon he was to be facing death again, in India . . . and starting his last great love affair

'Are you going to marry me or not?'

Pause between plays . . . Edward Woodward and Venetia on their way to Bangalore

THE MANAGER OF the little Scottish village hall shambled on to the stage, scratched his stomach and solemnly addressed the audience:

"Now listen, you. Tonight we're going to 'ave a show here. It's by William Shakespeare an' it's called *Othello*, or something like that. Now if any of you want to leave the room to go to the lavatory, I suggest you do it in the interval. I don't want any noise or any carrying on. I definitely don't want any carrying on, d'ye hear? This performance has come a long way and I want you all to listen to it. It's very, very good stuff. So let's have no sound at all, d'ye hear?"

Backstage, creased with laughter, I thought: 'No sound! That's charming. Especially during the comedy bits!'

The same chap, all with the best of intentions, staggered out in front of us during the first act and started pumping up the lamps that were acting as footlights. And he did it another five times during the performance that evening.

It's learning your craft under those conditions that help you put up with anything. If, after a few years in repertory, you haven't learnt an awful lot, then you might just as well give it up.

I remember one terrifying time we spent in Stornaway, in the Outer Hebrides. We crossed in the boat and arrived at about eleven-thirty on Saturday night. What we didn't know was that at the stroke of midnight everything stopped. Including the crane that picked up our crate of scenery and costumes.

For the whole of Sunday it poured with rain and we'd look out of the windows at the crane, watching our gear get wringing wet.

Repertory, of course, is full of this sort of thing. So it wasn't so hard for most actors when live television plays began, for once the play's started you cannot stop. If the scenery falls over or the microphone clops the leading lady under the chin—the show has to go on.

Woodward proposed to Venetia near the Taj Mahal—a proposal with all the trimmings, including moonlight and fragrant breezes

AFTER Perth, I was out of work for about a month and was getting worried, when an actor friend of mine, Alan Wilson, rang to tell me there was a job going in a company which was to tour India. He said they wanted a good Cassio. The man running the company lived in Golders Green, London, and I went to see him. He hired me on the spot.

Rehearsals were in a ghastly church hall in Pimlico, but as far as I was concerned it was the Garden of Eden. Because in the cast was this gorgeous girl called Venetia and instantly I fell heavily in love with her—and haven't changed from that day to this.

She was pretty and blonde and seemed very confident, somehow. I knew she had had a lot more acting experience than most of us, but what I didn't learn until much later was that she was really very nervous indeed. She seemed hardly to notice me.

MY STORY- BY EDWARD WOODWARD

Continued

At Madura in Ceylon in 1951

and my rejection felt total when she started going out regularly with my friend Alan Wilson, who had got me the job originally.

The boat trip to India was all work. We spent all our time rehearsing and in the end the captain let us use the bridge, to keep us out of the way.

That tour was an incredible experience. My pay was £5 a week with full board—except sometimes there wasn't any board and several times we were left stranded. It was all contrasts. In one town we'd live like rajahs with our own servants in palatial apartments. In the next we'd find ourselves in squalor.

We were there for more than a year, doing shows for every kind of audience. We did a great deal at Indian Army posts. One night Pandit Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, came to see us and invited us all home to dinner.

But the beauty and the squalor of the country was completely overshadowed by the prime thing on my mind. Venetia.

After about a month I proposed to her. I'll never forget the day because I had fallen down a hole in the garden and it turned out to be a sewer . . . I spent hours under a shower trying to soap off the smell. I'm sure I didn't get rid of it entirely, in spite of all the lotions and potions I used on myself.

The Woodwards today. They started married life on £20—a present from his parents

My proposal was literally with all the trimmings. The background of the Taj Mahal, moonlight, fragrant warm breezes, the lot.

She tells me that the proposal was a gem of lyricism. But I hadn't rehearsed it. I simply told her that I loved her to distraction and wanted more than anything in the world to marry her.

She didn't say anything while I was going on. She just sat there, completely quiet. When I'd finished she gave me a light peck on the cheek and walked away back to the bungalow.

I raced after her and started going into another proposal all over again. She stopped me, said 'no,' and said that, at best, it would take her a long time to think about it.

So the days, the weeks and the towns went by. All the time Venetia managed to stay good friends with me without really encouraging my hopes.

Sometimes I'd find myself wild with jealousy, especially when the men at a fresh town would cluster round her. It took illness to turn the entire affair into a realisation for both of us that we genuinely cared for each other.

I woke up one morning with a sharp pain in my chest and shivering uncontrollably. For the first time I missed a performance — I was down with paratyphoid fever.

Throughout all the dreadful time that was to follow, Venetia looked after me. She nursed me and helped me through the worst moments.

The big problem was that we never stayed long enough any-

'Sometimes I'd find myself wild with jealousy when other men clustered round'

Woodward describes his tour of India as "an incredible experience." Above: sightseeing by bicycle, five miles from Poona, in Bombay

"Me doing my Samson bit, holding up a temple near Madras . . ." another light-hearted "snap" from Woodward's photographic record

where for me to get really well again. And I was determined to stay with the company. I also felt so bad that I was convinced I was dying and the last thing I wanted was for my young bones to be buried in India!

I was left behind once and spent two weeks in a hospital. Then again I discharged myself too quickly and caught up with the rest in Calcutta.

We found a doctor who supplied me with black market penicillin and other drugs. The cost of the drugs completely ate up my £5 a week and it was only because the rest of the company chipped in, that I was able to get treatment at all.

Every night Venetia returned from the theatre and nursed me. But things couldn't go on like that. No one could go on with that kind of sickness.

Finally matters came to a head in the big steel town of Tatanagar in Northern India. There was a superb modern hospital and I was staying with one of the chief surgeons.

I had felt very odd during the first day we were there. At dinner that night my host suddenly got up, came around the table and whispered: "Excuse me, would you come with me."

He examined me in another room and said I had relapsed back into paratyphoid. He immediately had me admitted to the hospital.

The tour was by now nearly over and I was finally starting to feel better than I had for months. And what happens? The day before I am due to leave hospital there is a new admission to the ward next to mine. Venetia. She had collapsed with a fever and exhaustion — probably mainly brought on by the strain of looking after me.

I certainly wasn't going to leave her there alone, but fortunately her fever was a mild one and the pair of us, tottering convalescents, trod carefully up the gangplank for the journey home.

With no work to do, we had a good rest on the voyage, sailing back as we were to unemployment.

Back home again I once more asked Venetia to marry me.

We were sitting in my family's garden when almost without thinking I said: "Have you made up your mind whether you're going to marry me or not?"

"Yes, of course I am," she said.

I gave a great yell and rushed in to tell my parents. My mother said: "You're telling me nothing I didn't know."

Six weeks later, in July 1952, we married in what I think is the smallest church in Britain—at Tarring Neville, in Sussex. It was just as well it was a small church. We couldn't afford a big wedding and when we caught the train to London all we had was £20 my parents had given us.

Our honeymoon was an afternoon in Notting Hill Gate, where we had found a flat only the day before we got married. We blew nearly a pound on a celebration meal — which included a half bottle of vin rosé.

Our rent was £4 10s. a week and that meant, with our capital, that we could last out for three weeks—four weeks if we pressed it. But with the optimism of a young married couple, everything seemed perfect to us.

But I did get a job before the money ran out, working for Guildford rep. at £7 10s. a week. Venetia got the odd small part on television but she had made up her mind to quit the theatre completely.

When our first child, Tim, came along, there was no argument about it.

I was glad we were living in London. In those days the considered mark of success was to appear in the West End. Happily one of the things that has happened in recent years is that this is no longer so. There may be fewer rep. companies about, but they are stronger. Rates of pay have improved. In fact, the whole trend in theatre is no longer dominated by the London stage.

After Guildford, I went around a number of reps., Oxford, Nottingham, Perth, Croydon. One thing I started getting involved in —too deeply I felt at the time— was musicals and revues. I remember one job I got at the Criterion in *Intimacy at 8.30*. I understudied all the men in the cast— and Fenella Fielding understudied all the women.

We also had to share the same dressing-room, which was quite hysterical.

I got a part in the same musical on a Combined Services Entertainments tour of Germany. That wasn't a bad cast: Naunton Wayne, Hy Hazel, Thelma Ruby —and a chap who was having a terrible time struggling to get back after being a child actor. Chap called Anthony Newley.

I had always been a bit of a singer, even from rep. days. But I wasn't keen on doing musicals at the expense of acting. So I made up my mind deliberately to put myself out of work and refuse to do any more revues.

I would wait until I could break into the West End; as an actor.

NEXT WEEK: Failure . . . then international success—and the birth of *Callan*—and why Woodward sang *Oh, what a beautiful morning* for Sir Noël Coward in New York.

What Callan has done for me

Married to his beloved Venetia, Edward Woodward settled down in London to the serious business of trying to make a success of himself. In this final part of his life story, he tells KEN ROCHE about the two classical imposters — success and failure . . .

Scene from family life. A game in the garden of his London home for Edward Woodward, his daughter Sarah and Socrates, their dog

YOU MAY think it strange, if you've seen my occasional musical TV show *An Evening* (or *Another Evening*) *With Edward Woodward*, that when I could ill afford it, I frequently turned down work on musicals.

Yet I had made up my mind—and Venetia agreed with me. We'd had our first son, Tim, and No. 2, Peter, was on the way, and yet there I was, turning down work. Even though I needed the money.

It was simply because I wanted to act and I felt that getting too involved in musicals would hold me back in the long run.

Venetia, bless her, has never, in all our married life, expected me to do anything "just for the money." One reads a lot about failed marriages between actors and actresses. But an actor needs a wife who understands the particular drive he has.

So we struggled along. I would do the odd bit of repertory work here and the odd play there. One of those plays turned out to be *The Queen and the Welshman* by Rosemary Anne Sisson at Guildford. And it was with that I had my first real whiff of success.

It was 1957 and the producer decided to give it a whirl on the Edinburgh Festival "Fringe."

It was a beautiful play. Everything worked and it seemed to hit a chord somehow. For the first time I got national notices and it suddenly became *the* thing to go and see at the Festival.

Impresario Peter Bridge bought it and tried to get a theatre for it in London while we went on tour. Eventually we went in to the Lyric, Hammersmith, and then to the Criterion in the West End. It was reviewed on both occasions and I was in the wonderful position of having had three sets of rave notices in as many months.

Surely now, I was heading for big things? But don't you believe it.

Even though my next move—to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company at Stratford-upon-Avon—looked good, it all seemed to turn sour.

Glen Byam Shaw, the director, asked me to do the season with the Stratford company and at the end of it we did a marvellous two-month tour of Russia.

I remember thinking to myself: "This is it. When I get back the marvellous parts will start coming in."

What I actually got was my first television piece in *Emergency—Ward 10!* I was Mr. Bridges of the Chest Unit.

Better off, I moved my family to an unfurnished flat in Chiswick, London. We could afford now to be a little more ambitious in our style of living.

But it just didn't happen. I got the odd few parts all right; and some television. But those two promising years just petered out into bits of yesterday's tinsel. And slowly, almost imperceptibly, I slipped into a growing deep depression.

I began getting moody, loafing about at home, snapping at Venetia and the children. For the first time I could remember, I was beginning to question whether I was worth the bother at all.

Actors must have a kind of personal belief in themselves or they would never survive the knocks and the setbacks and the outright rejection they frequently go through.

I had never seriously questioned there would be some kind of success at the end of it all. Until now, when it was getting beyond me. I was beginning to lose the only thing that had driven me on; this quiet inner certainty that *I could do it.*

Without Venetia I would have gone completely mad. If ever I had been near

Behind the swagger and outsize nose it's Edward Woodward as Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac.*

After his success as Callan: a singing role in *Two Cities* based on *A Tale of Two Cities*

Rehearsing a song for his ITV Christmas show. Below: a scene from the new series of *Callan.*

As Scott Fitzgerald (top) for a TV biography, and as Cassius in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar.*

The remarkable audition which got me singing on Broadway

to suicide it was during that period. Yet all the time, encouraging me, putting up with me, acting as my emotional prop, Venetia was there.

I hate to keep going on about this woman of mine—but if you've got a wife like her, or you *are* a wife like her, you'll know what I mean.

The best part about her cheerfulness was that it wasn't that phoney sort of liveliness. It wasn't all superficial patting on the head with the occasional "there, there darling." It was real and quiet and meant something.

Then along came *Rattle of a Simple Man*, the story of a Northerner who comes to London for the Cup Final and meets up with a prostitute.

I knew I could get the accent right, because I have always tried to specialise in accents. And we opened at Richmond.

It was a howler. One of the best nights of my theatrical career. And the upshot of it was that producer Michael Codron wanted to do it in London's West End—with me starring in it.

Then came the inevitable catch. There was going to be my name over the title, in lights, in the star part—in the West End—only not for another year . . .

Well, these things happen, and for various reasons I had to wait it out until the play could go on.

For six months I was out of work; not doing a thing except going down to the Labour Exchange to pick up my dole money.

That period was to take me straight back into depression. More this time from frustration than the previous rejection.

We had two children and another on the way. There was stardom yesterday and stardom tomorrow—but today there wasn't even jam on the bread.

Even worse, they kept calling me to auditions for the girl to play opposite me in *Rattle*. My squeezed-up mind worried that it was a ruse to find someone to take *my* part and they weren't looking for a girl at all. I don't know how I could have thought that—seeing all the auditions were *for* girls and not for my role at all.

But that's the way a worried mind can work.

The opening of *Rattle* was still three months off, when I had a phone call. "How would you like to go to South Africa for a while?"

"Doing what?" I asked.

"Go and direct and play in *Rattle* there for eight weeks at £120 a week."

The Woodwards on holiday. Left to right: Peter, Sarah, Edward, Venetia

Imagine my reaction? Up to then I had been lucky to earn £600 a year —almost any year—and there was a thousand quid just like that at a time when I needed it most!

That was the end of the trouble. I returned after the trip, found Sheila Hancock waiting to play opposite me for the opening . . .

So, in 1962, *Rattle of a Simple Man* opened at the Garrick Theatre. It was the kind of success you dream about. I remember Sir Noël Coward coming one night and presenting himself at my dressing-room. Apparently he only came to hear me speak in my normal accent. He had asked someone during the show if I came from Manchester.

"If he does, it's a very good performance," he said. "If he doesn't, it's brilliant."

Rattle did well enough to go to Broadway and they wanted me in it there. But I hedged even at this chance of international acclaim because Venetia was close to having the baby. I couldn't afford to take the family with me. What we had put by from *Rattle* was going towards a house we'd decided to buy in Twickenham, Middlesex. Even to do that I had to borrow £300 towards the deposit.

I had just got eight-months-pregnant Venetia into this big house, when I had to leave for America.

We were apart six months and although the play was a big hit, I swore we'd never be parted that long again.

Sarah was born and the night of the birth I went out for a celebration with some friends in Boston's Chinatown (where we toured the week before the Broadway opening). At some point (I am told) around three in the morning, I stood on the table, toasted the manager and his restaurant for their splendid hospitality and announced I would name my little daughter after the restaurant.

This sort of dedication is taken quite seriously by the Chinese and, after this was explained to me, I had to take my suffering head back to the restaurant and apologise to the manager. How could I lumber her with the name "Ho-Ho"?

So I offered a compromise and thus I had to tell Venetia over the phone that evening we'd have to call her Boston.

"Oh no we're not," said Venetia. "She's going to be called Sarah Wendy."

Another compromise and that's why my little girl's called Sarah Wendy Boston Woodward.

In New York I was invited to tea by Sir Noël Coward who said somewhat airily that he'd heard I could sing.

"After a fashion," I said.

"Go and sing something," waving to the piano and ringing for someone to come in and accompany me. All I could remember was the first verse and chorus of *Oh What A Beautiful Morning*.

On the strength of that remarkable "audition" Noël offered me the leading role in his forthcoming *High Spirits* on Broadway. This was a musical version of his Forties' hit *Blithe Spirit*.

This time I insisted on taking the family and for the run of the show we had a marvellous time. And as soon as we returned to England we were able to indulge in the luxury of a long Devon holiday for the whole family.

About four days before we were due to leave for Devon a thick envelope appeared through the letterbox. It was an ITV script with a note from the casting director, Dodo Watts, saying it was a natural for me. If I wanted it, rehearsals started next week . . .

After all the time I'd waited for work I wasn't going to fling up my holiday now I could afford to be a bit choosey. But I knew I'd read it anyway.

Three times that evening I read it. A play called *A Magnum for Schneider*, by James Mitchell. At 2a.m. I woke Venetia and said: "Sorry, Love. I can't make the holiday."

That weekend I drove her and the kids to Devon, left the car with them, and returned to London by train. On the Monday I did my first rehearsal in the part of Callan. Bill Bain directed it—and has since become one of my dearest friends.

I'm not sure how long Callan will last. It has certainly helped prove to me that this business is so tenuous and so full of surprises that it's all worth it after all.

The disappointments and failures I've had will always help me keep a sense of perspective, no matter what I do in the future or have done in the past.

Naturally, Callan will always be a very special character to me. He brought me money and greater public recognition, and created openings that may not have happened if Callan had not become a household name.

He was to lead to me being asked to play Cassius and Scott Fitzgerald on TV. Then there was a singing role in a West End musical (based on *A Tale of Two Cities*).

I also was given a season at the National Theatre and when I look at pictures of myself as Cyrano de Bergerac with the long nose . . .!

Callan, of course, very nearly "died" once. He was shot at the end of one series and I had more or less buried him and come out of mourning, when it was decided to resurrect him.

I'm told that when things were still in the air and it wasn't positive another series would be made, there was a huge, whitewashed slogan daubed over a Fleet Street wall that said: "CALLAN LIVES!"

For the future—well, as I have said, I don't know if Callan will be killed, retired or shelved after the new series, which begins in March. But I would like to make more films.

Callan has been my passport to wider things, but I don't want him to dominate me forever. But when I *do* put away my gun for the last time, it will be with more than a twinge of nostalgia and regret.

8.0 Edward Woodward has a swinging time with star guests like Dora Bryan

8.0 The Edward Woodward Show

with DORA BRYAN
guest LESLIE PHILLIPS
Bill Nagy Jacki Newman
The New Era Jazz Band

You can expect three-dimensional entertainment when a trio like Edward Woodward, Leslie Phillips and Dora Bryan get together for an hour.

But, in fact, getting together was the most difficult part of tonight's music and comedy show.

Leslie Phillips had to fit the programme in between rehearsals for his stage hit *The Man Most Likely To*—he finally missed two performances—and Dora Bryan was just recovering from an accident in Spain.

But get together they do for sketches which see Leslie and Edward in a dream setting, Dora as a suburbanite who has done everything, and Leslie surprising the other two in a 1920's confection.

Host Woodward reads William McGonagall's poem about Dundee University and includes among his songs *The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face.* Bill Nagy and Jacki Newman appear in the sketches, and The New Era Jazz Band join Edward for a surprise item. The music is by Geoff Love and his Orchestra, and the music associate is Syd Lucas.

WRITER ERIC MERRIMAN: DESIGNER TONY BORER: DIRECTOR/ PRODUCER KEITH BECKETT

Thames Television Production